

HELLBOY™



THE BONES OF GIANTS

MIKE MIGNOLA
MATT SMITH

CHRISTOPHER GOLDEN
CHRIS O'HALLORAN

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Story by
MIKE MIGNOLA *and*
CHRISTOPHER GOLDEN

Art by
MATT SMITH

Colors by
CHRIS O'HALLORAN

Letters by
CLEM ROBINS



Cover and chapter break art by
MATT SMITH



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Editor **KATH O'BRIEN**

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Assistant Editors **ANASTACIA FERRY** *and* **MISHA GEHR**

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HELLBOY: THE BONES OF GIANTS

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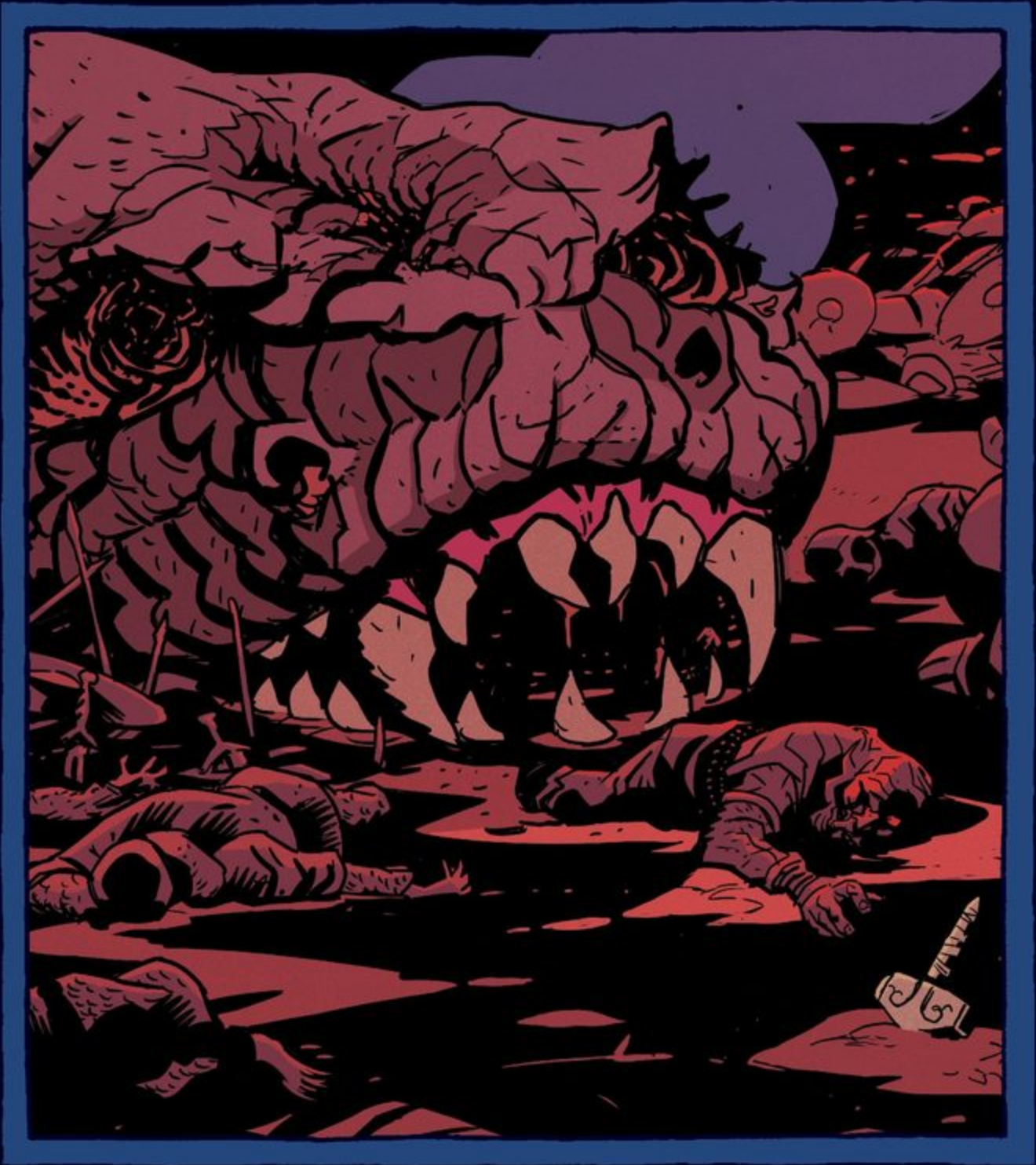


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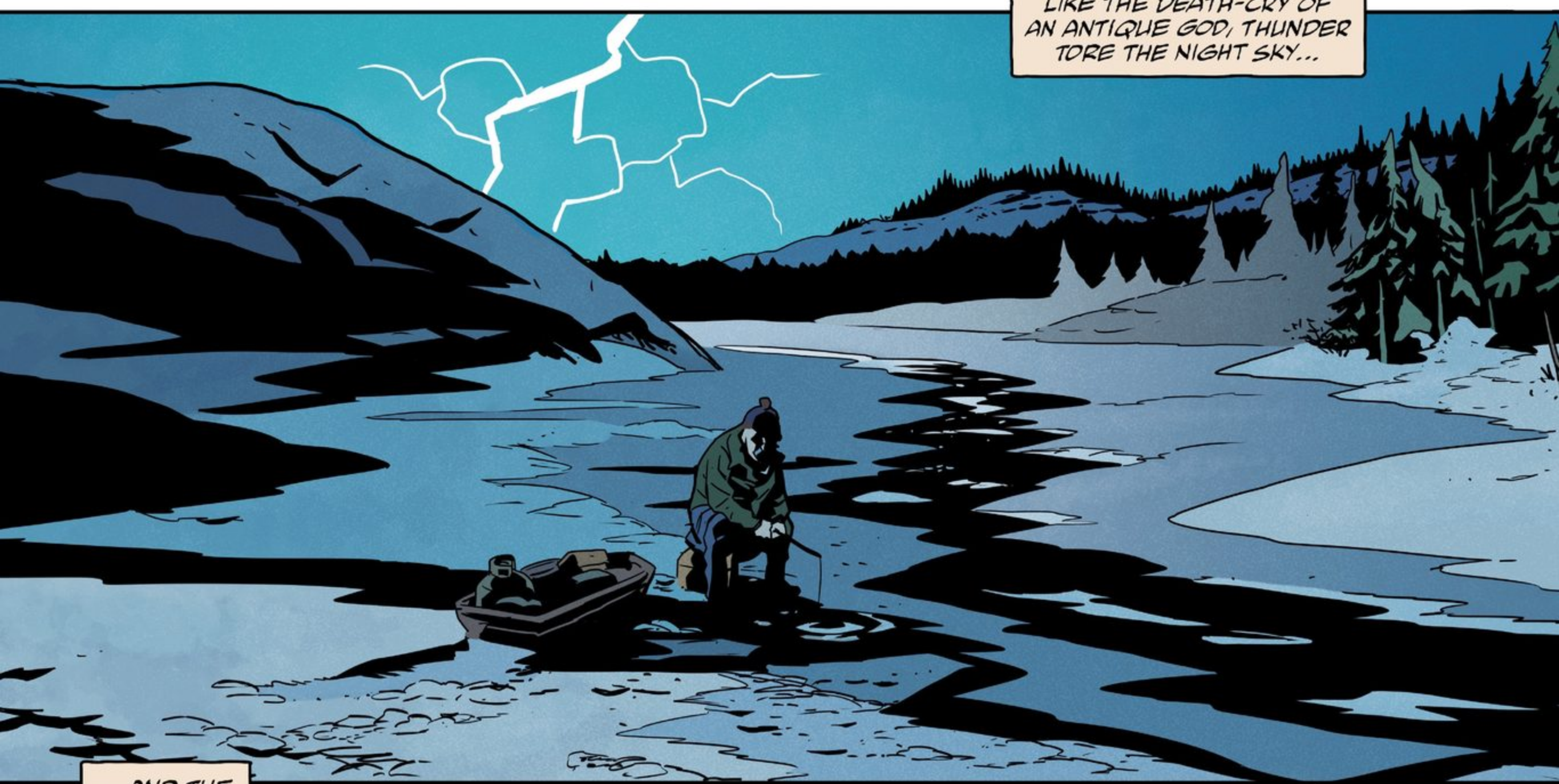
CHAPTER ONE





KRA-KOOOM

LIKE THE DEATH-CRY OF
AN ANTIQUE GOD, THUNDER
TORE THE NIGHT SKY...



...AND THE
NORTHLAND
TREMBLED.

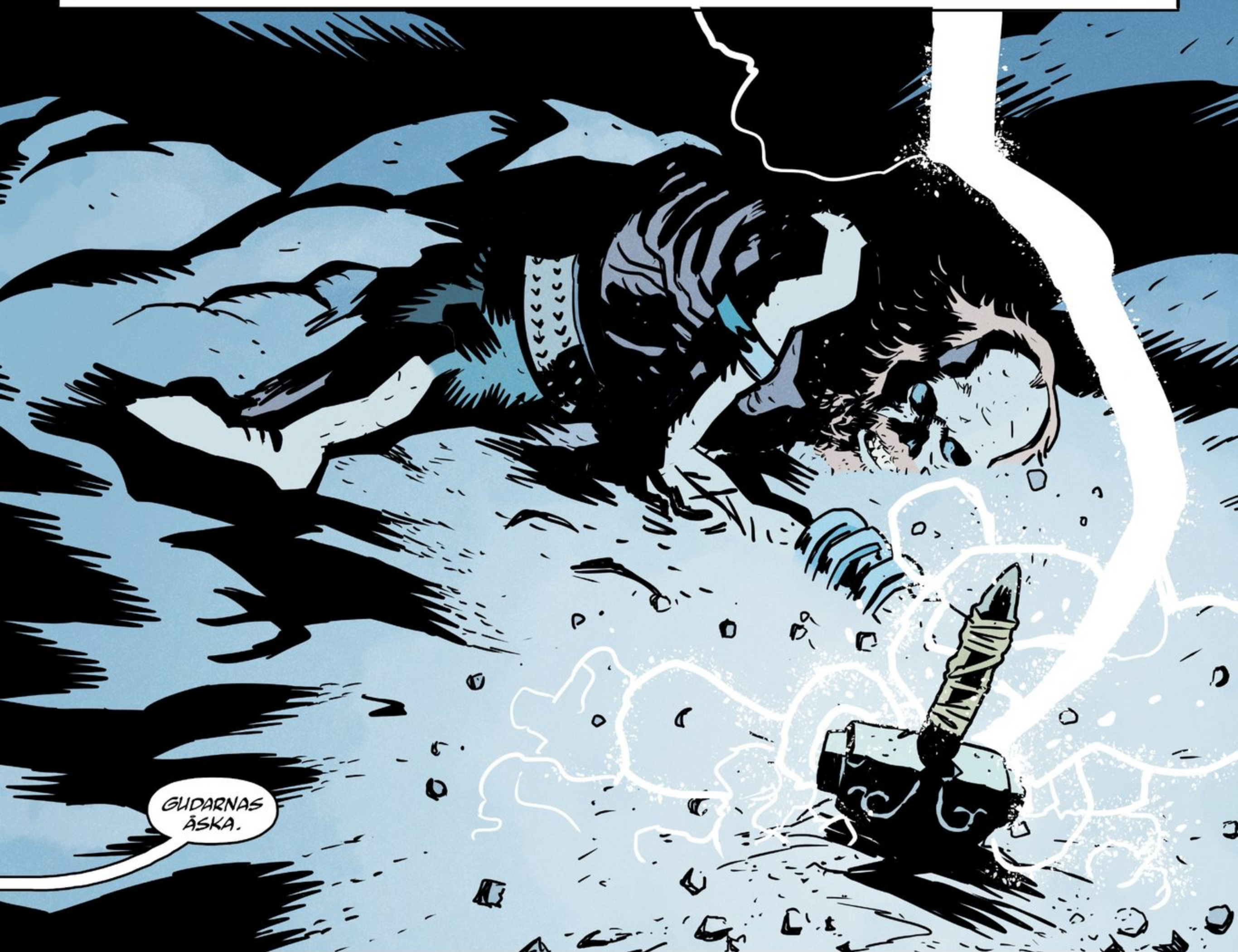


DALBARD RIVER,
SWEDEN.

FEBRUARY 18, 1988.

KRA- KA--







THE
NEXT
DAY.

IF ANY-
ONE'S STRUCK
BY LIGHTNING, YOU
KNOW THE MINISTER
WILL HAVE MY
HEAD.

THEY'RE
BEING CAREFUL.
THE INTERVAL BETWEEN
LIGHTNING STRIKES IS
WIDENING. IF WE HAVE
TO WAIT IT OUT, THAT'S
WHAT WE'LL--



WHAT
IN THE
WORLD?



ARE YOU
THE AMERICAN
SCIENTISTS?



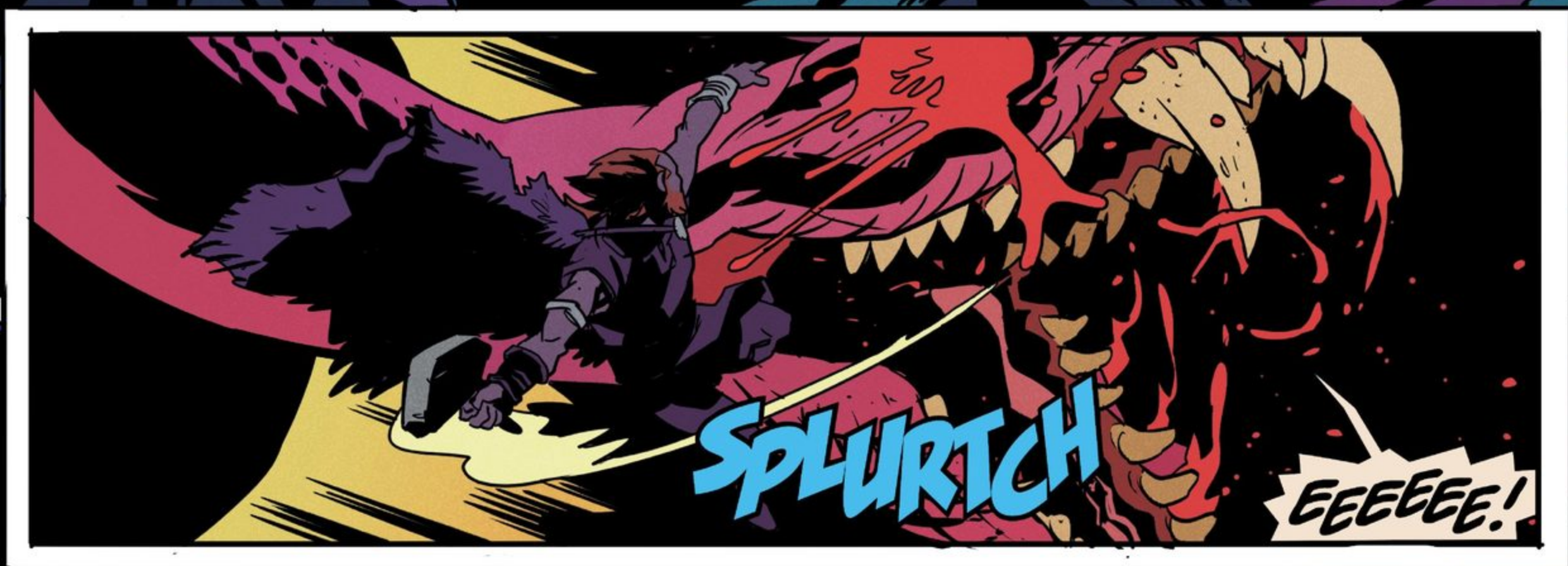
NOT
EXACTLY. BUT
WE'RE THE
CLOSEST
YOU'RE GONNA
GET.

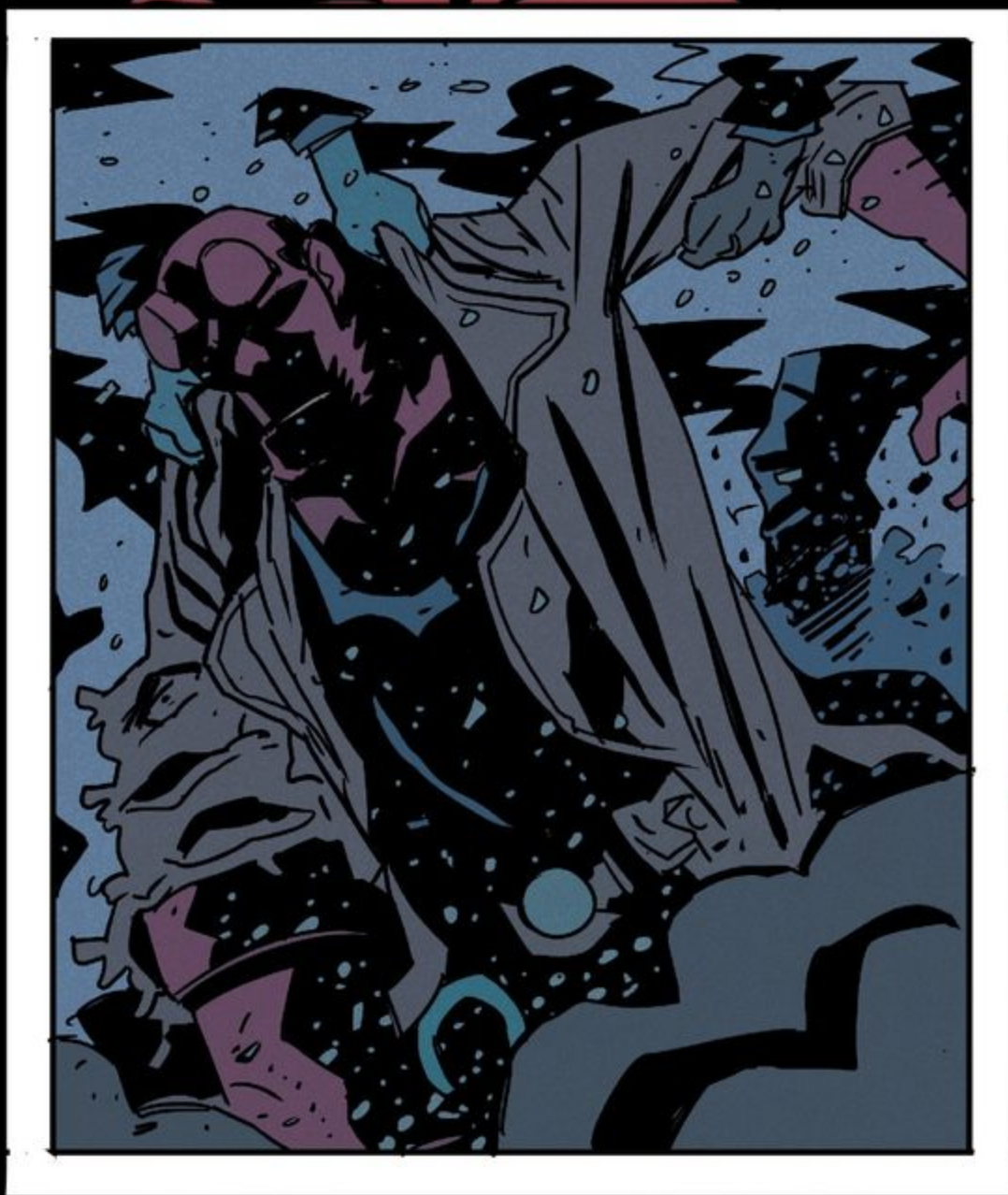




A comic book illustration of a man with dark hair, wearing a yellow shirt and brown pants, shouting "YEE" while holding a large, broken object. He is surrounded by debris and a large, brown, irregular shape. The style is simple and expressive, with bold lines and a limited color palette.

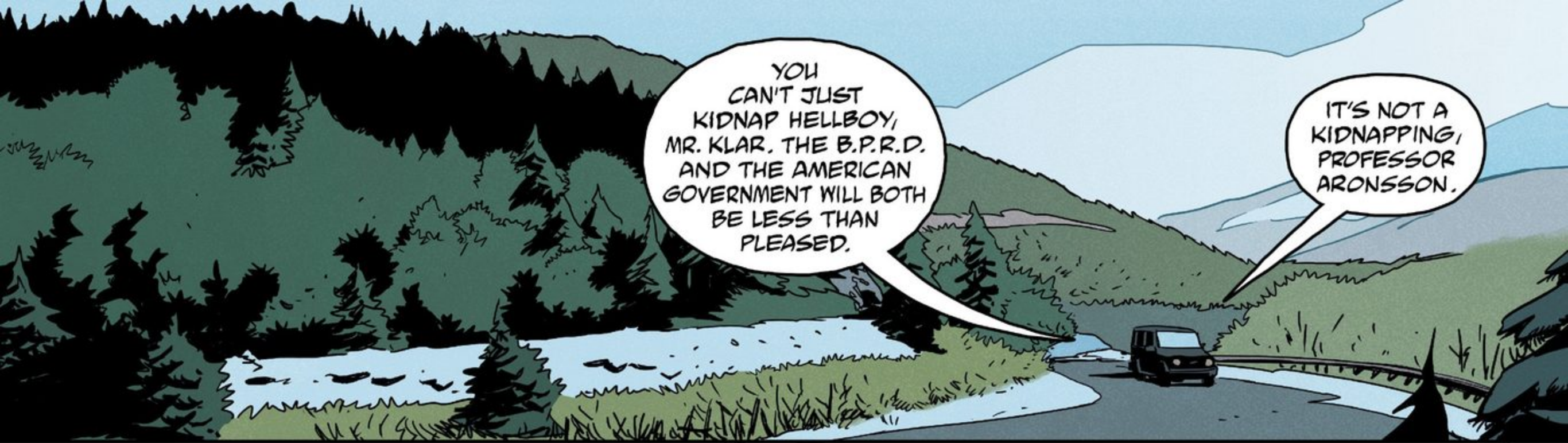












YOU CAN'T JUST KIDNAP HELLBOY, MR. KLAR. THE B.P.R.D. AND THE AMERICAN GOVERNMENT WILL BOTH BE LESS THAN PLEASED.

IT'S NOT A KIDNAPPING, PROFESSOR ARONSSON.



THAT ARTIFACT IS THE PROPERTY OF THE SWEDISH GOVERNMENT. UNTIL WE CAN FIND A WAY TO SEPARATE IT FROM HELLBOY'S FIST, HE'S GOING TO BE OUR GUEST.

NORTH.



YOU OKAY?

WE NEED TO TURN AROUND, HEAD NORTH. THERE'S SOMETHING UP THERE THAT'S...NOT RIGHT. I CAN FEEL IT.



WE'RE DRIVING TO SKELLESVAL SO YOU CAN BE EXAMINED. YOU CAN CONTACT YOUR SUPERIORS FROM THERE.

THIS DECISION IS NOT IN YOUR HANDS, OR IN MINE.



TURN THIS CAR AROUND, LITTLE MAN! WE GO NORTH!

RIGHT, THEN...

"...NORTH IT IS."



AT LEAST TELL US WHAT WE CAN EXPECT TO FIND HERE.

I DON'T KNOW...



...BUT ALL OF THIS FEELS FAMILIAR.

FAMILIAR TO YOU, OR FAMILIAR TO THE ORIGINAL OWNER OF THAT HAMMER?



I HAVE THESE IMAGES IN MY HEAD. FIGHTING MONSTERS. THAT KINDA THING.

YOU'VE FOUGHT A LOT OF MONSTERS.

PLENTY. BUT THESE AREN'T MY MEMORIES.



WELL, THEN... LEAD ON, GOD OF THUNDER.

THAT'S NOT FUNNY, ABE.

"WHO'S LAUGHING?"



DO YOU
FEEL...SOME-
THING?



EVIL.
YOU DON'T
NEED A DEAD
GOD'S WAR
HAMMER TO GET
THE VIBE OFF
THIS PLACE.

I'M JUST
GUESSING...

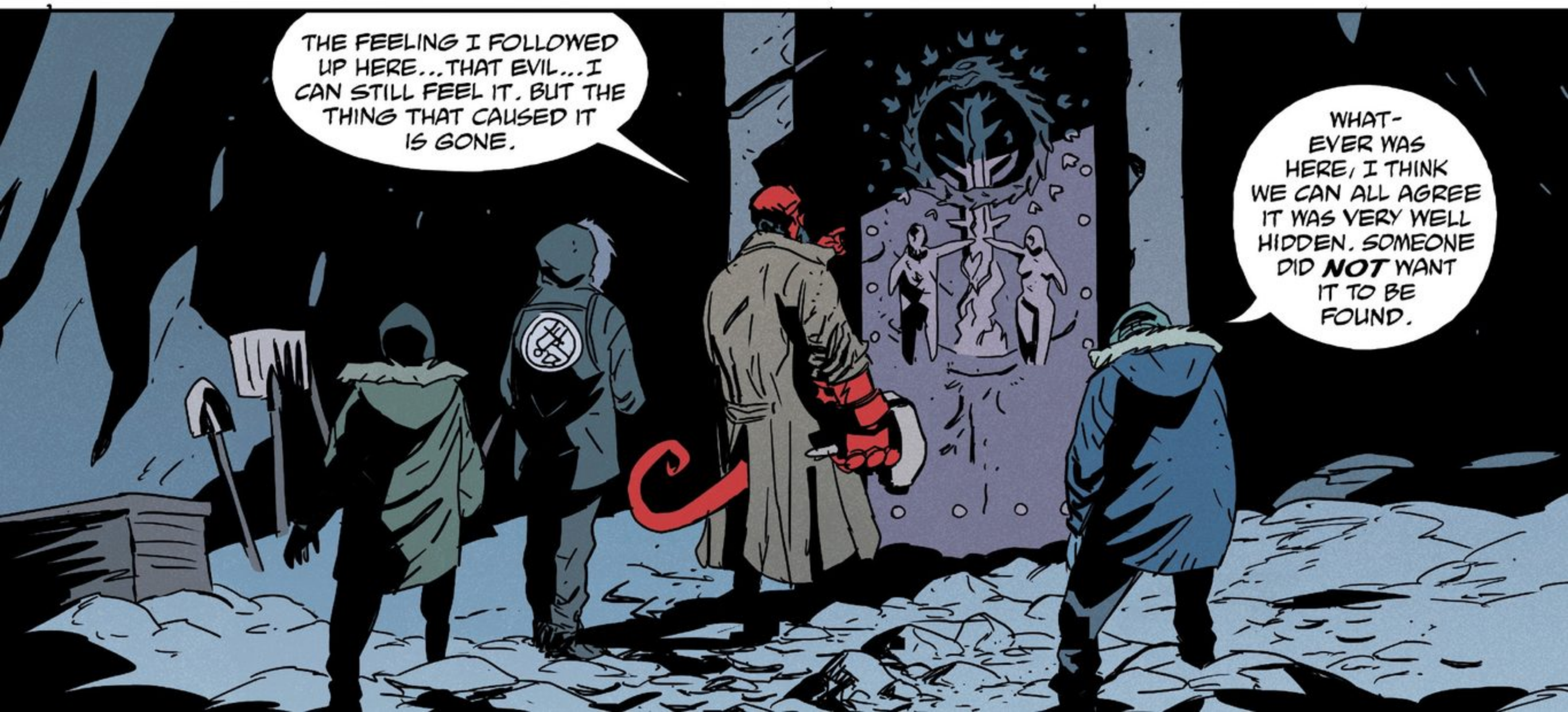


...BUT I
THINK SOME-
ONE BEAT US
TO IT.



THE
CAVE LOOKS
NATURAL ENOUGH,
BUT SOMEONE'S
USED EXPLOSIVES
TO CLEAR IT.

THE FEELING I FOLLOWED
UP HERE...THAT EVIL...I
CAN STILL FEEL IT. BUT THE
THING THAT CAUSED IT
IS GONE.



WHAT-
EVER WAS
HERE, I THINK
WE CAN ALL AGREE
IT WAS VERY WELL
HIDDEN. SOMEONE
DID **NOT** WANT
IT TO BE
FOUND.



MAKES
ME WONDER
HOW IT WAS
FOUND.



I GUESS I DON'T HAVE TO ASK IF
YOU THINK THIS HAS SOMETHING TO
DO WITH THE REMAINS FOUND AT
THE RIVER. BUT DO YOU HAVE ANY
IDEA HOW THAT BODY GOT
THERE?

OR WHAT
WAS IN THIS CAVE
THAT'S SO
IMPORTANT?



SOMETHING
STARTED HERE.
I DON'T KNOW
WHAT IT IS YET,
BUT I KNOW
WE'RE GONNA
WANT TO STOP
IT.



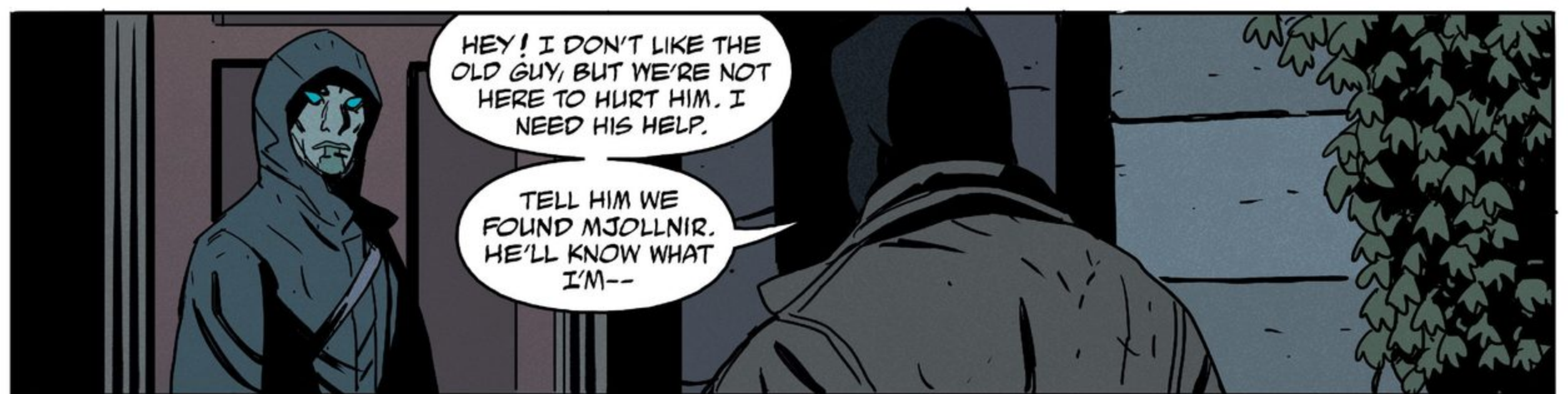
SORRY TO BREAK UP THE PARTY,
KLAR, BUT ME AND ABE NEED TO GO.
WE'RE HEADING TO STOCKHOLM.
GOTTA SEE A GUY I USED TO
KNOW.



I'M
NOT SURE
IF--

AN OLD
FRIEND OF
YOURS?







I HAVE WONDERED MANY TIMES HOW MUCH OF A GRUDGE YOU MIGHT HOLD AFTER OUR SHARED... EXPERIENCE...WITH KING YOLD.



YOU DID ALMOST GET ME KILLED, PROFESSOR, BUT I'M OVER IT. FROM WHAT I REMEMBER, YOU GOT THE WORST OF IT.



GENTLEMEN, THIS IS MY DAUGHTER, PERNILLA. A SCHOLAR IN HER OWN RIGHT.

NOW, WITH THE NICETIES OUT OF THE WAY, LET'S MOVE ON TO THE REASON YOU'VE COME. I WANT A CLOSER LOOK AT THAT HAMMER.



SIMPLY INCREDIBLE. I'LL WANT PHOTOS. WE SHALL HAVE TO TRY TO TAKE A SAMPLE OF THE METAL. AND DO AN ETCHING OF THE SYMBOLS TO DECIPHER--

WE'LL PUT YOU IN TOUCH WITH PROFESSOR ARONSSON. HE'S IN CHARGE OF THE SITE AND THE ARTIFACTS. THE SYMBOL THERE, THOUGH...THAT'S YGGDRASIL. THE WORLD TREE. I CAN FEEL IT.



FEEL IT? WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

I'VE BEEN HAVING...DAYDREAMS. FEELINGS. WE FOLLOWED THEM NORTH, FOUND A CAVE WHERE SOMEONE HAD HIDDEN SOMETHING EVIL. PRETTY SURE IT'S ALL CONNECTED, BUT WE DON'T KNOW HOW.



WE WERE HOPING YOU MIGHT BE ABLE TO HELP WITH THAT.

WE'LL DO WHATEVER WE CAN. FOR TONIGHT, THOUGH, I'M AFRAID I MUST INSIST MY FATHER GET SOME REST. HOWEVER THRILLING THIS DISCOVERY, HE'S NOT A YOUNG MAN ANYMORE.



I'D ARGUE WITH MY DAUGHTER, GENTLEMEN, BUT SHE IS RIGHT. I MUST REST. MEANWHILE, IF YOU DO NOT HAVE OTHER ACCOMMODATIONS, PLEASE SPEND THE NIGHT HERE.

WE DON'T WANT TO BE ANY TROUBLE.



PLEASE. IT WILL TAKE ME ONLY A MOMENT TO MAKE UP BEDS FOR YOU BOTH, AND IT'S A VERY LARGE HOUSE. PLENTY OF SPACE. IT'S NO TROUBLE AT ALL.

IF YOU'RE SURE, MISS AICKMAN, THEN WE GRATEFULLY ACCEPT.



"IF YOU'RE SURE, MISS AICKMAN."

SHUT UP.





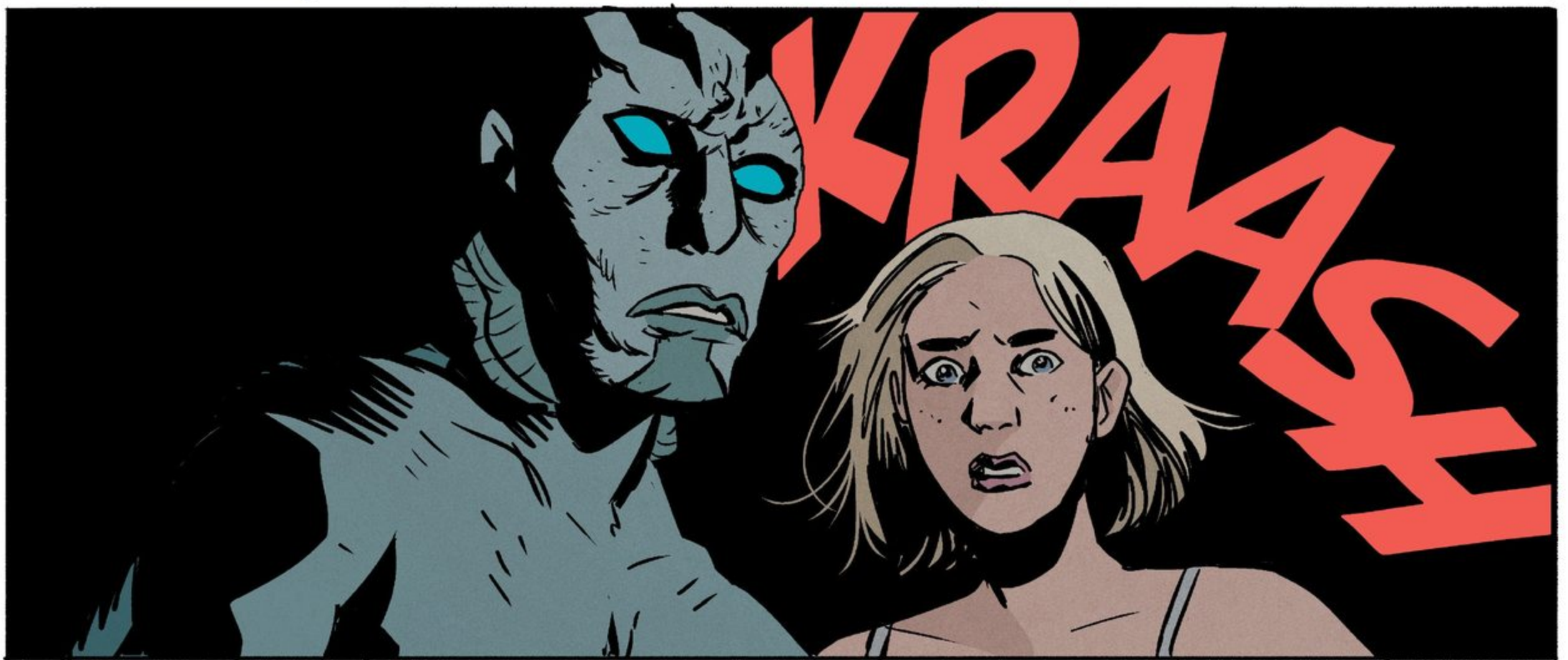
CHAPTER TWO







KRA
ZZ
H







...BUT IF
YOU DON'T
MIND?



I'VE
GOTTA GET
MOVING. I DON'T
HAVE TIME TO
FINISH THESE
IDIOTS.



THUMP



I'M
SUPPOSED
TO FIGHT THEM
ALL WITH
THIS?



HELLBOY,
WAIT! WHAT
HAPPENED TO
MY FATHER? IS
HE *SAFE?*



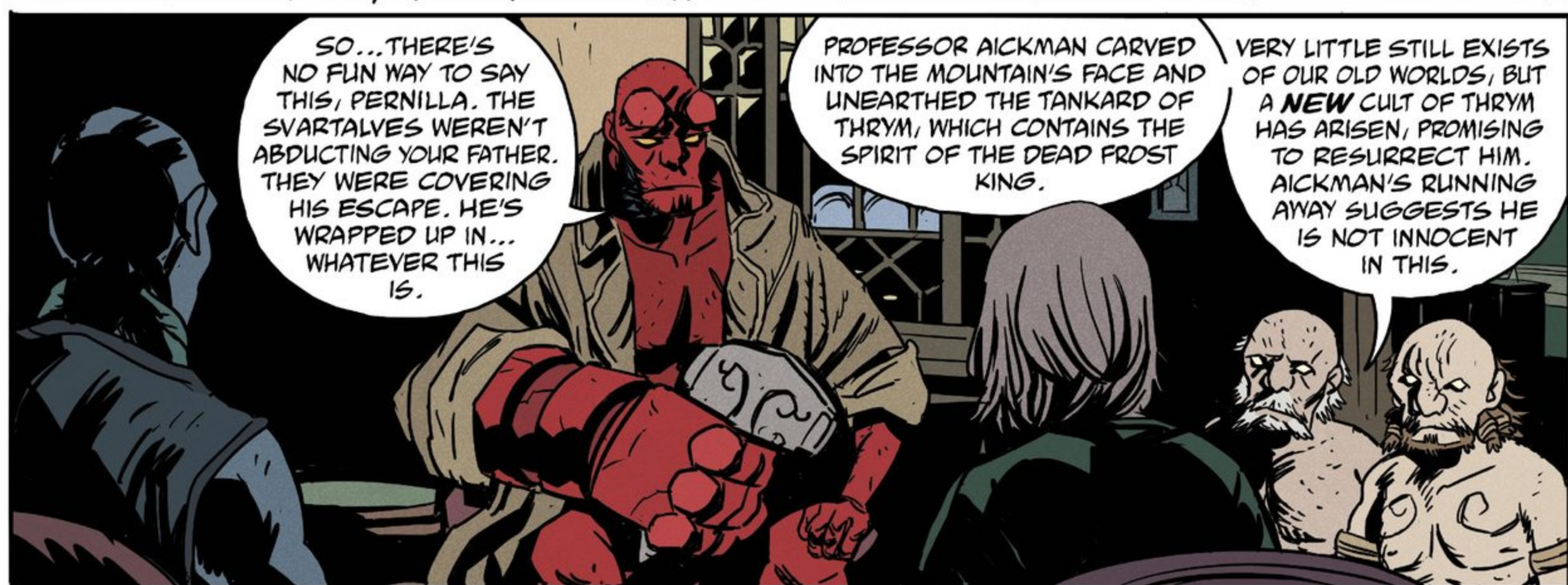
THAT'S
GONNA BE UP
TO HIM.











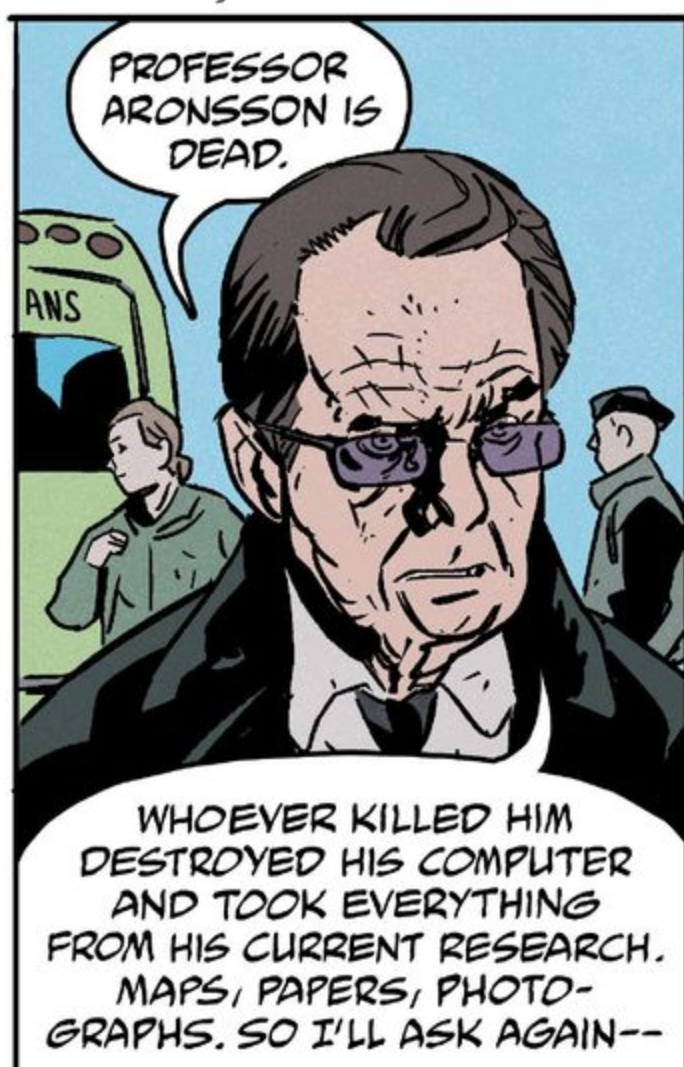


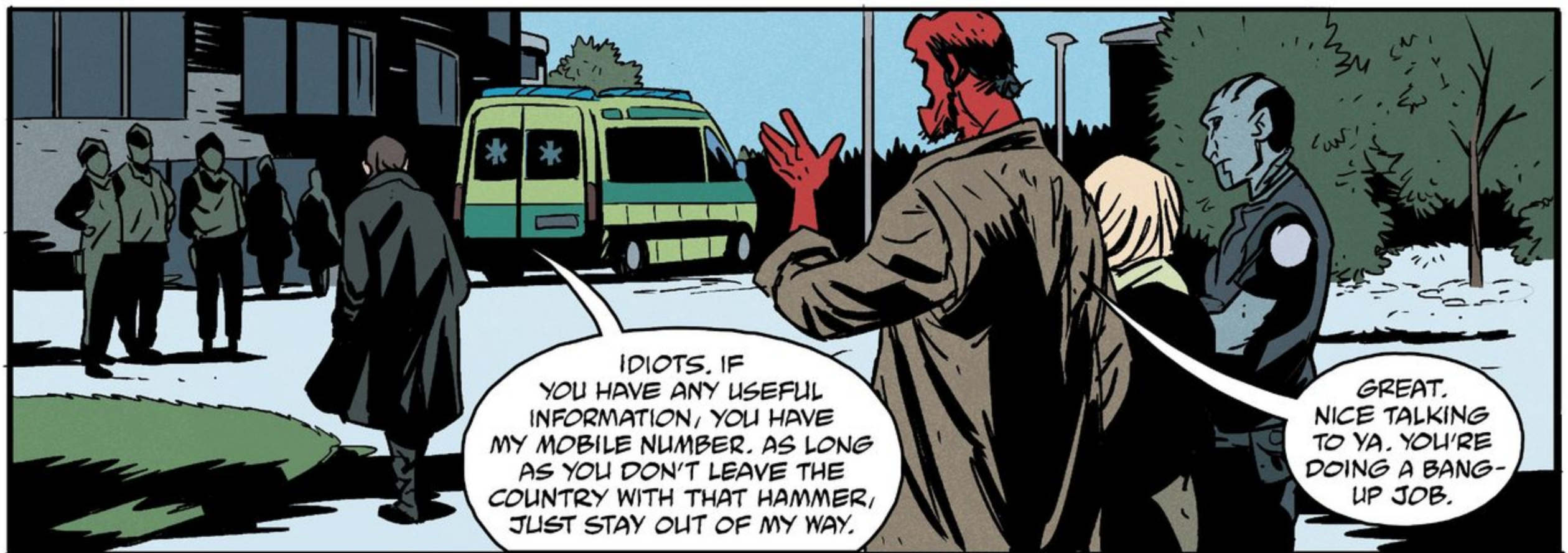
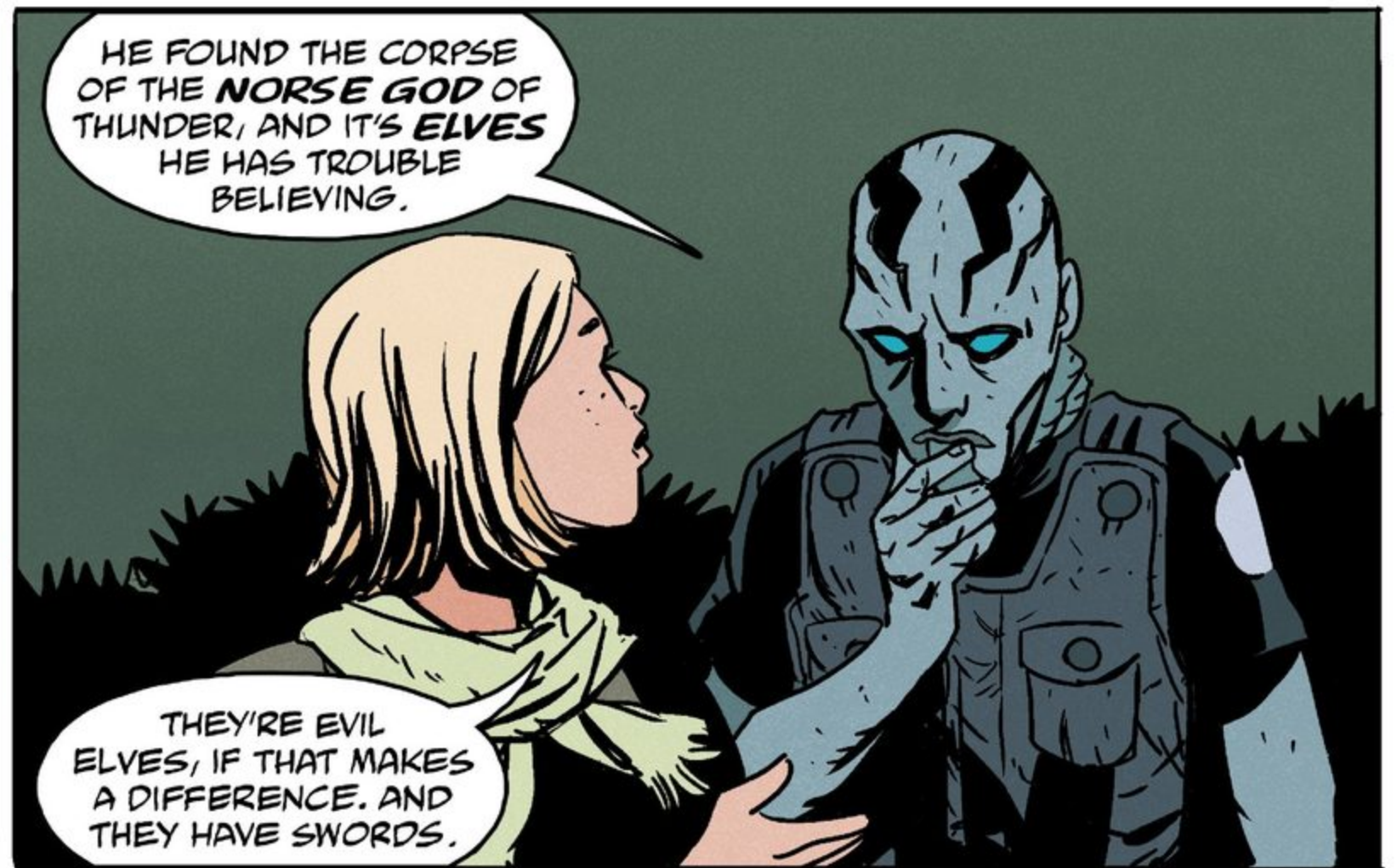
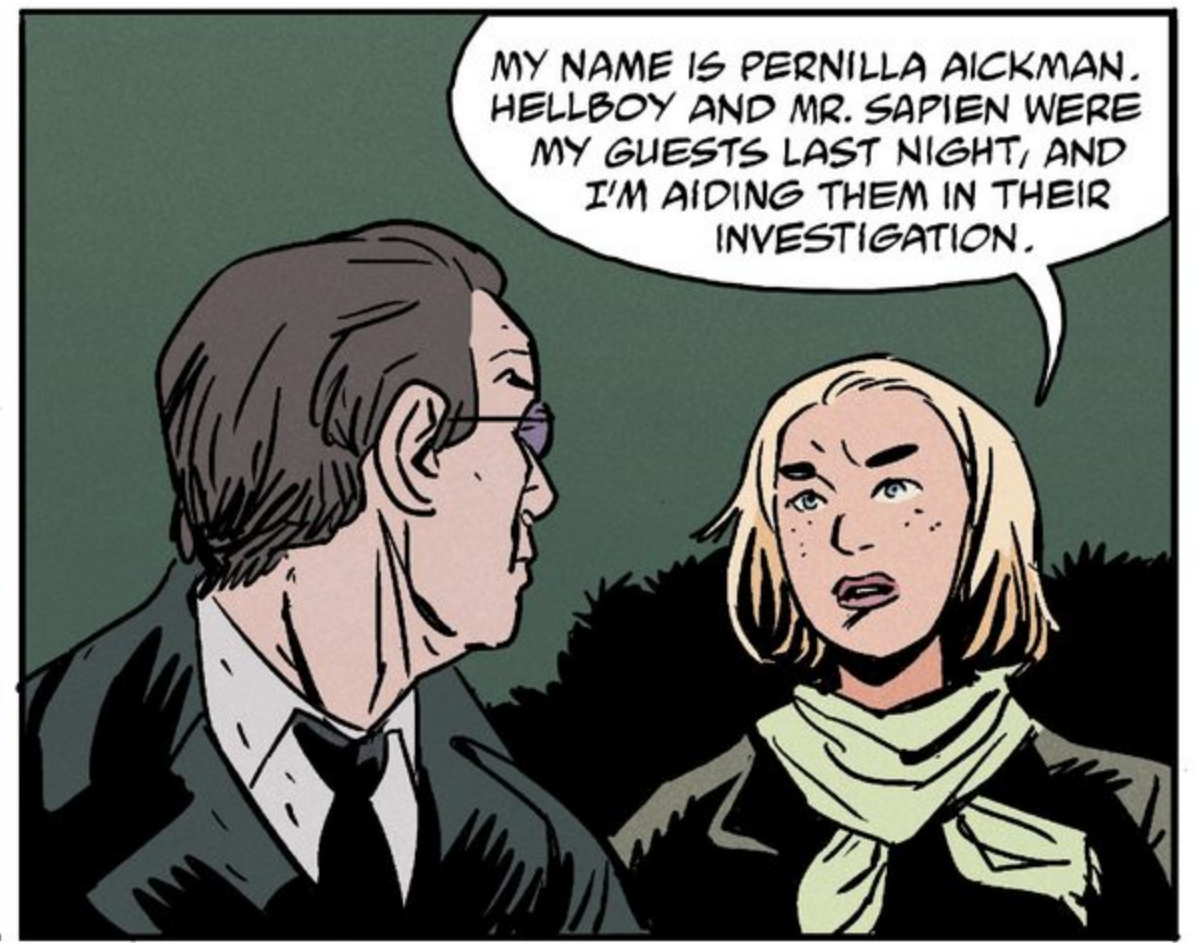
"THEN WE'LL GO AND VISIT PROFESSOR ARONSSON. MAYBE HE CAN HELP FIGURE OUT WHERE WE SHOULD START LOOKING FOR YOUR FATHER."













IDIOT. HE'S SEEN THE HAMMER, HE SAW THE LIGHTNING, BUT HE'S TRYING TO PLAY IT OFF LIKE THERE'S SOME NORMAL EXPLANATION FOR ALL THIS.



HELLBOY... THERE'S SOMETHING YOU SHOULD KNOW.



I'VE SEEN THIS BEFORE. WHERE DID YOU...?



PROFESSOR ARONSSON GAVE IT TO ME FOR SAFE-KEEPING. HE DIDN'T WANT KLAR TO HAVE IT, BUT HE WASN'T SURE HE WANTED YOU TO HAVE IT EITHER. IT SCARED HIM.



THE ONLY THINGS WITH THOSE REMAINS WERE THE HAMMER AND THIS. I'M NOT SURE WHAT IT MEANS, BUT IF MJOLLNIR IS FUSED TO HIM, HE MIGHT NEED THIS IN TIME.

JUST PROMISE ME THAT WHEN THIS IS ALL OVER, YOU'LL RETURN IT TO ME FOR STUDY.

OF COURSE.



I DON'T GET IT. WHAT WAS HE AFRAID WAS GONNA...?



JEEZ.

WHAT NOW?



I
KNOW
YOU.

AS
WELL YOU
SHOULD.

MIST?

I HAVE
BEEN CALLED
THAT AMONG
MY VALKYRJUR
SISTERS.



IS HE TALKING
TO THE BIRDS
OR SOME-
THING?

THE LONGER
HE'S BONDED
TO THAT HAMMER,
THE WEIRDER
HE GETS.



I CANNOT
ACCOMPANY YOU,
GATHERER.



I CAME
NOW BECAUSE
YOU CLAIMED THE
DEATH GIFT EITRI
MADE FOR
THOR.

SO
THIS IS,
WHAT? YOUR
BEEPER? BUT
YOU'LL ONLY HELP
WHEN I'M DEAD?

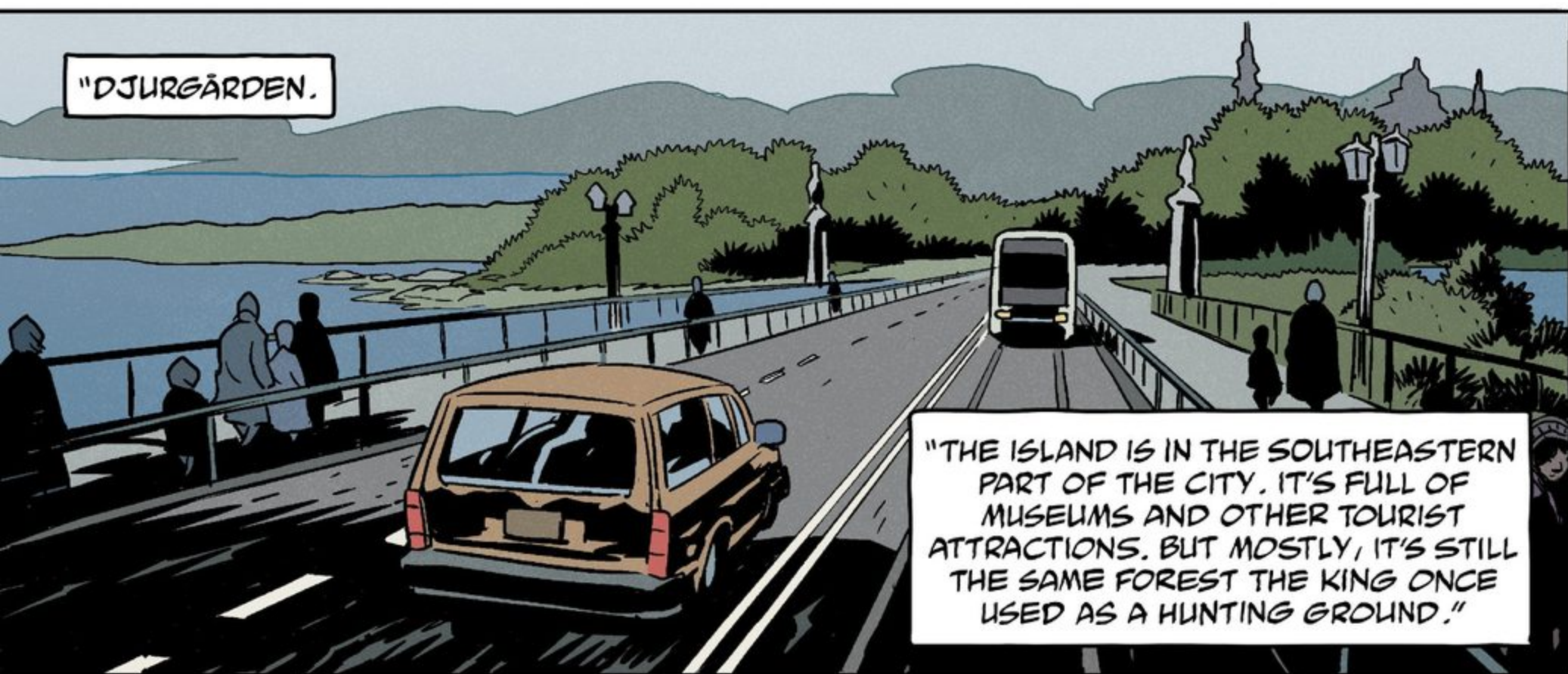


IT'S NOT FOR ME TO SAY
WHAT EITRI INTENDED.
BUT THE SERPENT
PENDANT IS A GIFT
INDEED.

AS
FOR HELP...IF
YOU WISH TO KNOW
WHAT IS WHISPERED
AMONG THE
BRANCHES OF THE
ASH, YOU KNOW THE
ONE YOU MUST ASK.







"DJURGÅRDEN."

"THE ISLAND IS IN THE SOUTHEASTERN PART OF THE CITY. IT'S FULL OF MUSEUMS AND OTHER TOURIST ATTRACTIONS. BUT MOSTLY, IT'S STILL THE SAME FOREST THE KING ONCE USED AS A HUNTING GROUND."



I DON'T SEE ANY DEER.

THEY'RE NOT GOING TO COME UP AND SAY HELLO. BUT NOW THAT WE'RE HERE, I HAVE TO ASK-- HOW ARE WE SUPPOSED TO FIGURE OUT WHERE--



THIS WAY.



THIS DOESN'T BODE WELL.



DO YOU HEAR VOICES? LIKE... CHANTING?

IN OUR LINE OF WORK, CHANTING IS NEVER A GOOD SIGN.





CHAPTER THREE









GET TO
AICKMAN. GET
THE TANKARD
FROM HIM!

I DIDN'T
KNOW HE'D BE
THIS BIG. DID YOU
KNOW HE'D BE
THIS BIG?

OF COURSE!
GIANTS DON'T PICK
THE LITTLEST GUY
AS THEIR KING!

RRR
RRMMBLL



YOU GUYS
AGAIN?

SSSSSS

RRMBLL



HAHAHAHA!



PAPPA,
PLEASE YOU MUST
STOP! YOU DON'T
KNOW WHAT YOU'RE
DOING!



UNGHHH...
SORRY, KID...

HE KNOWS
EXACTLY WHAT
HE'S DOING.



KRRUNCHH

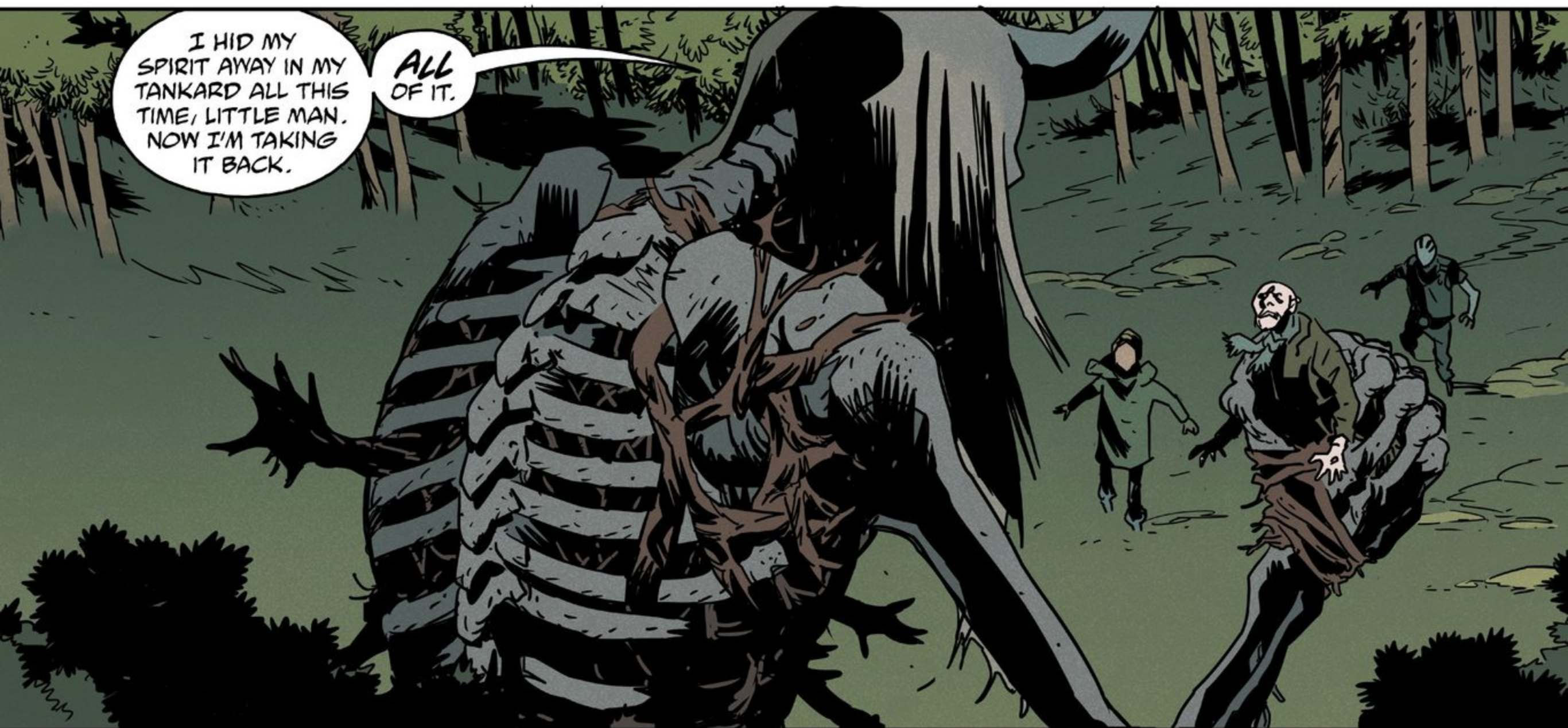
SPLURCH













YOU...
TRY MY PATIENCE...
THUNDERER.

BUT NOW...
I SHALL GO AND SEE
WHAT MY KINGDOM HAS
BECOME.



NO! YOU WOKE UP
FOR THIS FIGHT!
LET'S HAVE IT RIGHT
NOW!



NOT YET. BUT WHEN
I AM READY FOR YOU,
WE WILL HAVE THE
FIGHT THAT HAS BEEN
SO LONG DENIED US.
AND I WILL STRIP THE
FLESH FROM YOUR
BONES.



CAN YOU
BOYS TRACK
HIM?

WE'LL
FOLLOW THE
TRAIL.

IF WE
LOSE HIM, THERE
ARE DARKLINGS
WHO DWELL IN AND
AROUND THIS CITY.
WORD MAY PASS
AMONG THEM.



ABE...



NOT NOW,
HELLBOY.

NOT
YET.





RIDDARHOLM
HOSPITAL.
THAT NIGHT.



I FEEL AS IF I'M IN A
DREAM, DR. BILLING. I KNOW
YOU SAID TO IGNORE THE
WHISPERS, BUT...WELL, LOOK AT
HIM. AM I SUPPOSED TO
PRETEND--

YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO
DO YOUR JOB, ELIAS. YES,
THE MAN WAS VERY TALL,
AND VERY STRONG. BUT
YOU SEE THE REMAINS
HERE. HE WAS A
MAN.



IF I HEAR YOU SAID ONE
WORD ABOUT DOING AN
AUTOPSY ON **THOR** HIMSELF,
YOU WILL BE OUT OF A
JOB...

...NO
MATTER WHAT
OUR GOVERNMENT
FRIEND MR. KLAR
MAY SAY.



WE DEAL IN
SCIENCE, ELIAS.
IN EVIDENCE. IN
PROOF. IN--

OH
MY GOD. DR.
BILLING, DO YOU
SEE? AND YOU CAN
HEAR IT TOO, CAN'T
YOU? YOU CAN
HEAR...



"...THE THUNDER."

WHAT
THE HELL?
WHO IS--





THREE DAYS LATER.

"WELL, HELLBOY..."



THE FUNERAL OF PROFESSOR EDMOND AICKMAN.

"...YOUR SECRETARY OF STATE HAS SPOKEN TO OUR PRIME MINISTER AND IT SEEMS, DESPITE HOW BADLY YOU'VE **BUNGLED** THIS SITUATION..."



...DESPITE THE MURDERS OF PROFESSOR ARONSSON AND PROFESSOR AICKMAN, AGENT KLAR, AND THE MEDICAL EXAMINER...

...DESPITE THE THEFT OF THE REMAINS FOUND AT SKELLESVAL...



...I'M STILL BEING TOLD BY MY GOVERNMENT TO GIVE YOU WHATEVER COOPERATION YOU REQUIRE.

"BUNGLED"?

HELLBOY, I'M SURE MR. WILTON DIDN'T MEAN--



I'M CURIOUS WHAT YOU'D HAVE DONE DIFFERENTLY, MR. WILTON.



YOU'VE GOT A FORTY-FOOT CADAVER WANDERING ACROSS YOUR COUNTRY, WILTON. IT'S BEEN THREE DAYS SINCE THRYM'S RESURRECTION AND YOUR PEOPLE HAVEN'T FOUND A TRACE OF HIM.

YOU AND YOUR FRIEND DON'T SEEM TO HAVE FARED ANY BETTER.



YES, WELL...

"...THE B.P.R.D. HAS BEEN COORDINATING WITH YOUR GOVERNMENT, IN CASE ANY SIGN OF THRYM SHOULD TURN UP..."

"...BUT NOW THAT OUR FRIEND--AND THE NEW FOLKLORIST ON OUR TEAM--HAS FINISHED BURYING HER FATHER, WE'RE HEADED NORTH."

"I'M SORRY, ARE YOU SAYING YOU ALREADY KNOW WHERE THE CREATURE HAS GONE?"

"WE HAVE OUR SUSPICIONS, MR. WILTON. THERE'S A RIVERSIDE VILLAGE SEVERAL HUNDRED KILOMETERS TO THE NORTH WHERE EVERYONE HAS VANISHED. WE'LL BEGIN THERE."

"AND HOW DO YOU KNOW THIS, PRECISELY?"

"DID YOU BOTHER TO CHECK WHAT **B.P.R.D.** STANDS FOR, MR. WILTON? WE'RE THE BUREAU FOR PARANORMAL RESEARCH AND DEFENSE."

"KNOWING THINGS LIKE THAT IS QUITE LITERALLY OUR JOB."

I THOUGHT EITRI TOLD YOU THIS PLACE WAS FILLED WITH BODIES AND BONES? THERE'S NOTHING HERE.

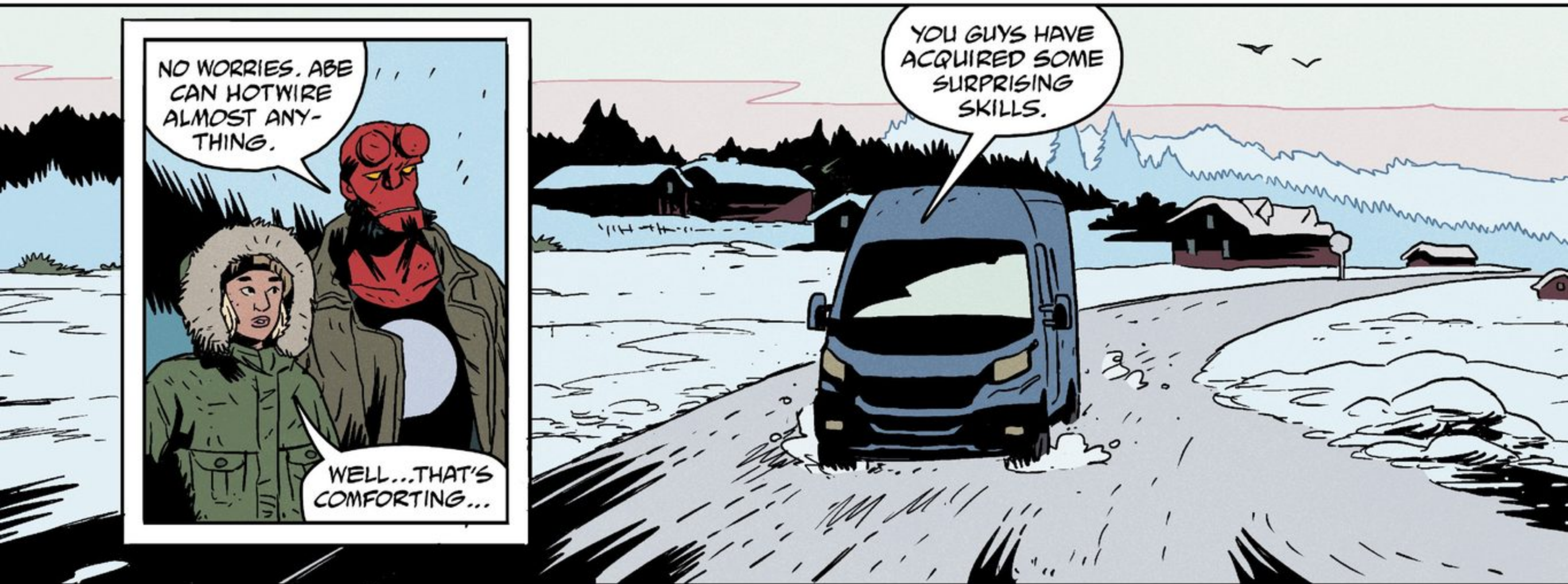
YEAH. I NOTICED THE LACK OF CORPSES. NO SIGN OF MY NEW BODYGUARDS, EITHER.



YOU STILL
FEEL IT, THOUGH?
THE PRESENCE OF
THRYM?

YEAH. OR THE
HAMMER DOES. IT'S LIKE A
COMPASS IN MY HEAD, POINTING
NORTH. HE'S UP THERE, ALL
RIGHT.

IF THE NIDAVELLIM
WERE SUPPOSED TO ACQUIRE
TRANSPORTATION, WE'LL HAVE
TO FIND OUR OWN.



NO WORRIES. ABE
CAN HOTWIRE
ALMOST ANY-
THING.

WELL...THAT'S
COMFORTING...

YOU GUYS HAVE
ACQUIRED SOME
SURPRISING
SKILLS.

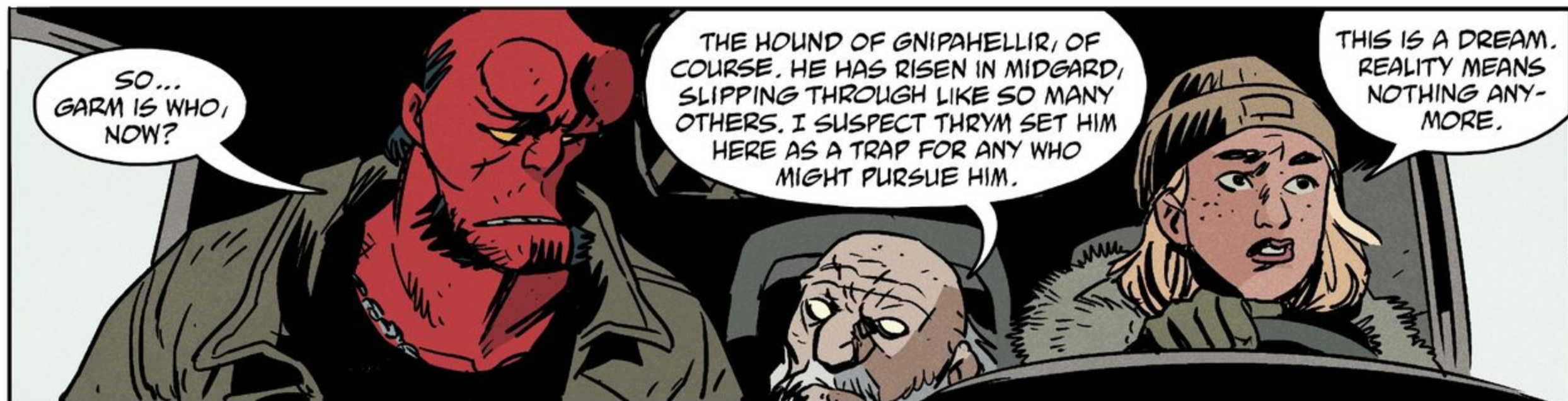


HERE WE
GO. LET'S
SEE WHAT
THESE GUYS
KNOW.



YOU
SHOULD
BE DEAD,
HELLBOY.

ALL OF
YOU. GARM SHOULD
HAVE EATEN EVERY
LAST ONE OF YOU.







KRUNCH

BROTHER!
NOOOO!



FWAPP



I GUESS THERE'S NO
POINT ASKING YOU TO
PLAY DEAD.

THE
HAMMER.
IT ISN'T
YOURS.



BAD
DOG.

FOR
BROKK!



THIS IS SO UNREAL. GARM IS A
MYTH. THRYM IS A MYTH. EVERY
TIME I THINK I'M COMING TO TERMS
WITH IT, I SLIP BACK INTO THE
INSANITY OF IT ALL.

ONLY ONE
THING IS
KEEPING ME
FOCUSED.

WHAT'S
THAT?

SOMEHOW
MY FATHER IS
DEAD, AND MYTHS
ARE REAL.



TWO DAYS LATER.

LET ME ASK YOU SOMETHING, HELLBOY. YOU'RE... FUSED WITH MJOLLNIR. YOU CAN FEEL THRYM'S PRESENCE, AND I GET THE FEELING YOU'VE HAD OTHER INSIGHTS THROUGH THAT HAMMER.

STILL WAITING FOR A QUESTION, ABE.

THE NIDAVELLIM AND THE SVARTALVES ARE MOVING AROUND, ALL UNNOTICED. NOW GARM. NONE OF THEM ARE FROM THIS WORLD, BUT THEY'D BE SAFER IF THEY WENT HOME. WHY DID THEY STAY?

THERE'S NOWHERE TO GO. I CAN FEEL THAT. THE LAND OF THE GODS, THE REALM OF THE GIANTS... THE WAR AGAINST THRYM BASICALLY LEFT THEM IN RUINS. OUR WORLD WAS AFFECTED THE LEAST, BUT THE FALLOUT...

...THE OTHER NORSE REALMS---PIECES OF 'EM, ANYWAY---MERGED WITH THIS ONE. OTHER PIECES ARE STILL OUTSIDE OUR REALITY.

YOU SEEM TO KNOW A LOT MORE ABOUT THIS THAN YOU DID A COUPLE OF DAYS AGO.

THE LONGER I HOLD THE HAMMER... AND THE FURTHER NORTH WE GO... THE CLEARER IT ALL BECOMES IN MY HEAD.

SOMETIMES YOU DON'T EVEN SOUND LIKE YOURSELF ANYMORE.

SOMETIMES I DON'T FEEL LIKE MYSELF.

STOP THE TRUCK.



WE GO ON FOOT FROM HERE. NO MORE ROADS.

WE CLIMB.



I'M NOT MADE FOR THIS WEATHER.

I WAS BORN HERE. BUT I'D RATHER BE SITTING BY THE FIRE WITH THE WORLD'S LARGEST CUP OF COFFEE.

WHEN THIS IS OVER, THE COFFEE'S ON ME. FOR NOW, THOUGH...



"...LET'S TRY OUR BEST TO STAY WARM."

HOW MUCH FURTHER?

WE'RE GETTING CLOSER...



NOT LONG NOW.



MORE OF THRYM'S VICTIMS. LIFE FORCE DRAINED FROM THEM.

I HAD NO IDEA THERE WERE PEOPLE LIVING ON THIS MOUNTAIN. THERE MUST BE A VILLAGE.



OR THERE WAS.

IT'S BEEN REPLACED.

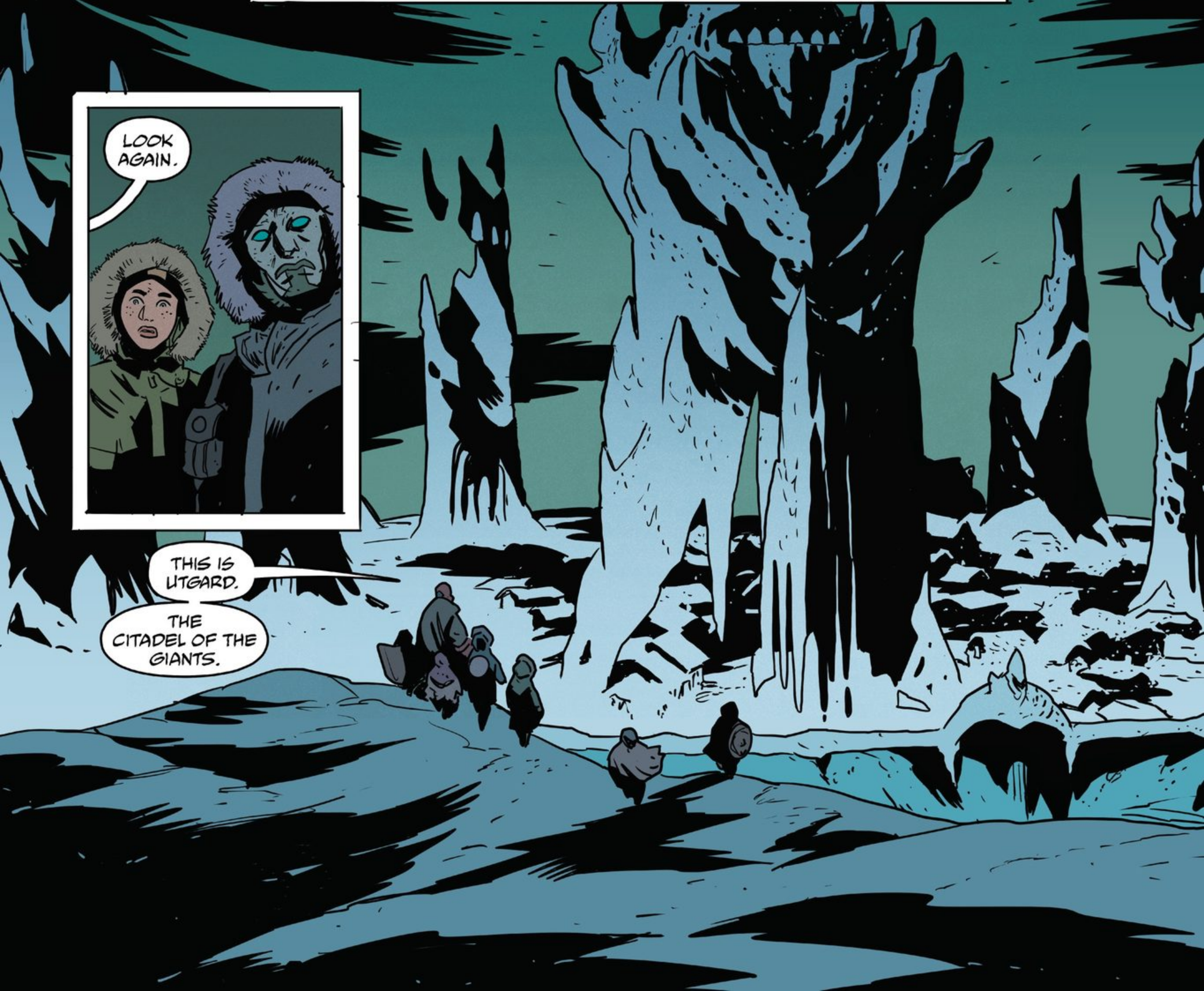
BY WHAT? ALL I SEE IS ANOTHER EMPTY VILLAGE.



LOOK AGAIN.

THIS IS UTGARD.

THE CITADEL OF THE GIANTS.



CHAPTER FOUR







YOU SEE
IT NOW, DON'T
YOU? ALL OF
YOU? THE
CITADEL...

IT ISN'T
REALLY UTGARD,
THOUGH.



"IT'S THE GHOST
OF UTGARD. THE
GHOST OF THE
KINGDOM OF
THE GIANTS."

I
SEE IT
NOW.

UTGARD
MAY BE A
GHOST FOR
NOW... BUT LIKE
ITS KING, IT'S
COMING
BACK TO
LIFE.





I KNOW YOU'VE GOT THIS... PRESENCE WITH YOU, BUT YOU LOOK EXHAUSTED. HOW ARE WE GOING TO DO THIS?

THE WAY WE ALWAYS DO, ABE. THROUGH THE FRONT DOOR.



HELLBOY... ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

I'M READY FOR THIS TO END. MY HAND... I KNOW IT'S NOT REALLY **MINE**, BUT I'VE HAD IT ALL MY LIFE. I'M USED TO IT. THE HAMMER, THOUGH...?

I'M GONNA KILL THAT GIANT ZOMBIE WITH THE TREES STICKING OUT OF HIS CHEST, AND THEN IF I STILL CAN'T LET GO OF THIS HAMMER, I'M CUTTING THE WHOLE ARM OFF. I SWEAR.



WHAT TROUBLES YOU, THUNDER GOD?

YOU CALLING ME THAT, FOR STARTERS.

ASIDE FROM THAT, THE HAMMER FEELS WEIRD. WARM IN MY HAND. LIKE IT'S ALIVE OR SOMETHING. BUT WHAT'S REALLY BUGGING ME...

...IS **THIS** THING. FEELS LIKE IT'S GETTING HEAVIER, AND IT'S ICE COLD ALL OF A SUDDEN. COLDER THAN ANYTHING UP HERE.

I DON'T KNOW WHY THE HELL I BROUGHT IT ALONG.



DON'T BE STUPID. YOU MUST KEEP IT WITH YOU. SURELY YOU FEEL THAT.

YEAH. I FIGURED SINCE THE HAMMER AND THE PENDANT WERE THE ONLY THINGS WE FOUND ON THOR'S CORPSE, THEY BELONGED TOGETHER.



INDEED THEY DO. MY BROTHER BROKK FORGED MJOLLNIR. I CRAFTED THE PENDANT--THE IMAGE OF JORMUNGAND, THE WORLD SNAKE. THE MIDGARD SERPENT.

THE HAMMER WAS A GIFT OF LIFE, THE PENDANT A GIFT OF DEATH. HE WORE IT AT THE END. I BELIEVE IT IS AN ANCHOR FOR THE SPIRIT IN MJOLLNIR. TOGETHER, I BELIEVE THEY ARE KEEPING THOR WITH US.



HANG ON. ARE YOU SAYING I COULD'VE GOTTEN RID OF THOR'S STOWAWAY GHOST, AND THE DAMN HAMMER, IF I'D SMASHED THE PENDANT? AND YOU KNEW THAT AND DIDN'T SAY A WORD?

IT'S A SUSPICION, NOT A CERTAINTY. BUT YES. AND WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE DONE IF I'D TOLD YOU? HOW WOULD WE HAVE **FOUND** THRYM? HOW WOULD YOU **DEFEAT** HIM?



JEEZ.



WHAT A DICK.



RRRRRM BBBBBL









WHERE IS THRYM?
I'VE BROUGHT HIM...



...A GIFT!

KRAAKK



WE MUST HAVE MORE. WITH EVERY BIT OF FLESH, EVERY BIT OF MARROW, LIFE RETURNS.

IT'S YOUR TURN. YOU FETCH THEM.

I WILL. THE ONES YOU BROUGHT THE LAST TIME WERE FULL OF GRISTLE.

KRAAKOOOM

HHUHNRR?



WELL?



OKAY, BOYS. I'LL GO HIGH, YOU GO LOW.

DON'T JUDGE US FOR OUR HEIGHT, THUNDERER...



JUDGE US BY HOW MANY GIANTS WE KILL!



WHAT ARE YOU, LITTLE RED MAN? THAT ISN'T YOUR HAMMER.

IT IS NOW!



SO MANY OF THE VILLAGERS ALREADY KILLED. HOW DO WE KNOW THERE ARE ANY LEFT ALIVE?

WE SEARCH... AND WE STAY OUT OF SIGHT. I DON'T WANT TO END UP--



--THE
NEXT
MEAL.

SNÄLLA FÅ OSS
HÄRIFRÅN!

WE'RE
HERE. HELP IS
COMING!



WAIT,
PERNILLA!
SLOW DOWN.
WE DON'T
KNOW WHAT
MIGHT BE--



--WAITING
FOR US.



OH MY
GOD.

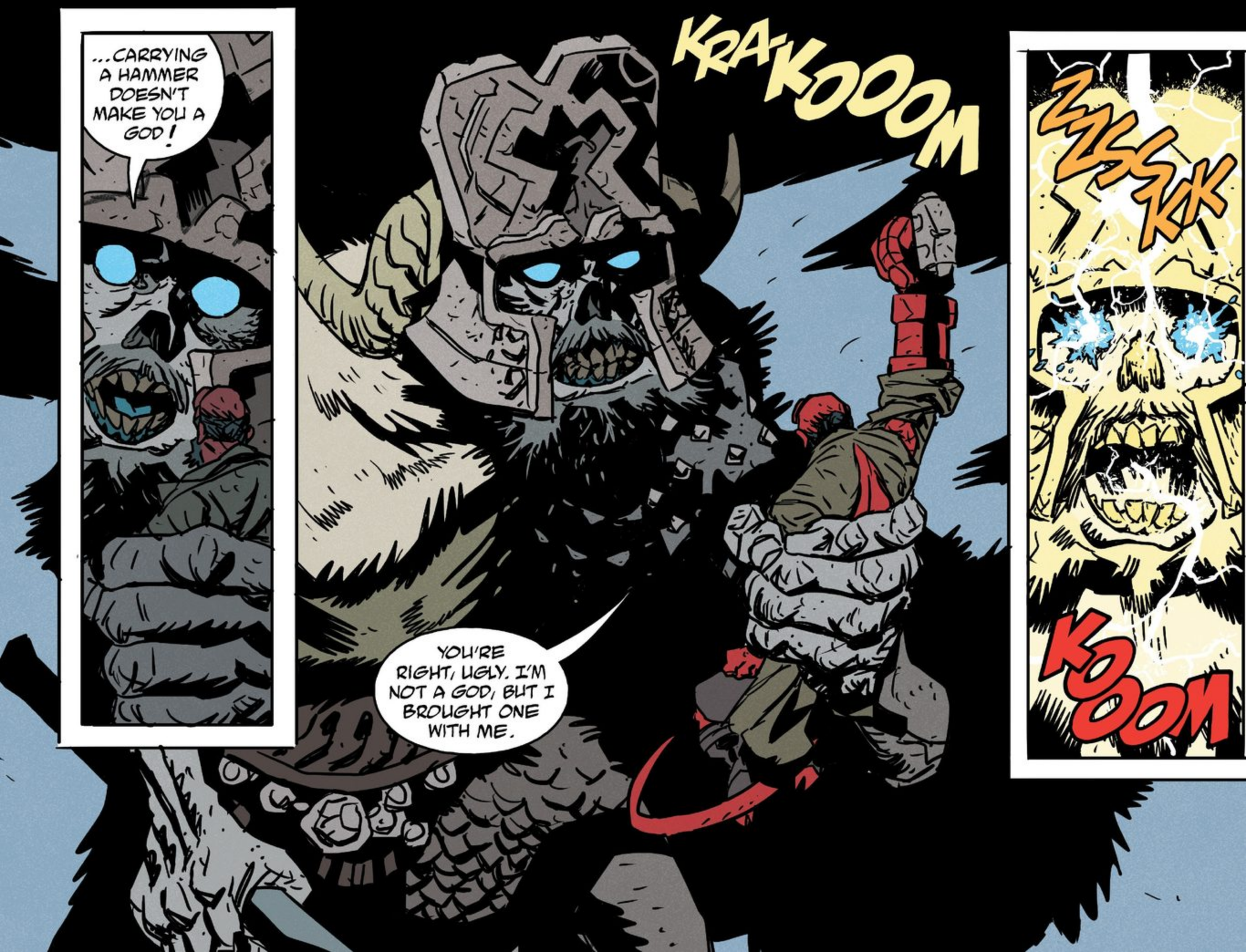


PLEASE,
HURRY! FREE US
BEFORE THEY COME
BACK!



TACK
GUD!

QUICKLY,
NOW...WE
MUST GO
QUICKLY!





ENOUGH.

COME TO ME
THEN, BONES OF GIANTS,
AND WE WILL ALL RETURN TO
THE GRAVE WHERE WE BELONG,
WHERE ALL THE NINE WORLDS
WERE MEANT TO BE BURIED
FOREVERMORE.

KKZZZZZZ

KRA
SSHH

WAIT!
IT ISN'T SAFE
NOW. LET'S
GIVE HELLBOY
A MOMENT TO--



GGGRRRR!

ABE...

OH,
NO.

I DON'T
THINK WE HAVE
A MO--



AW...
CRAP!



FEAR
NOT, ABE! WE
STAND WITH
YOU!

FOR
MYRKHEIM!



UNNGHHH!

GGGAAAARRH!

THEY CALLED
YOU HRAESVELG,
BEFORE RAGNAROK.
NOW YOU ARE ONLY
A MEMORY CLAD IN
STOLEN FLESH AND
ROTTING BONES.

THOR...
IS ALL OF THIS
REAL?

AS
REAL AS
IT EVER
WAS.

FOREVERMORE.





HURRY, ALL OF YOU!



"THIS ISN'T OVER!"



HELLBOY
...CAN IT BE
THAT THRYM IS
NOT HERE?

HE'S HERE,
ALL RIGHT. TIME TO
MAKE HIM COME OUT
AND PLAY.



QUICKLY AND
QUIETLY.

GO!



I'VE
COME FOR
YOU, FROST
KING!



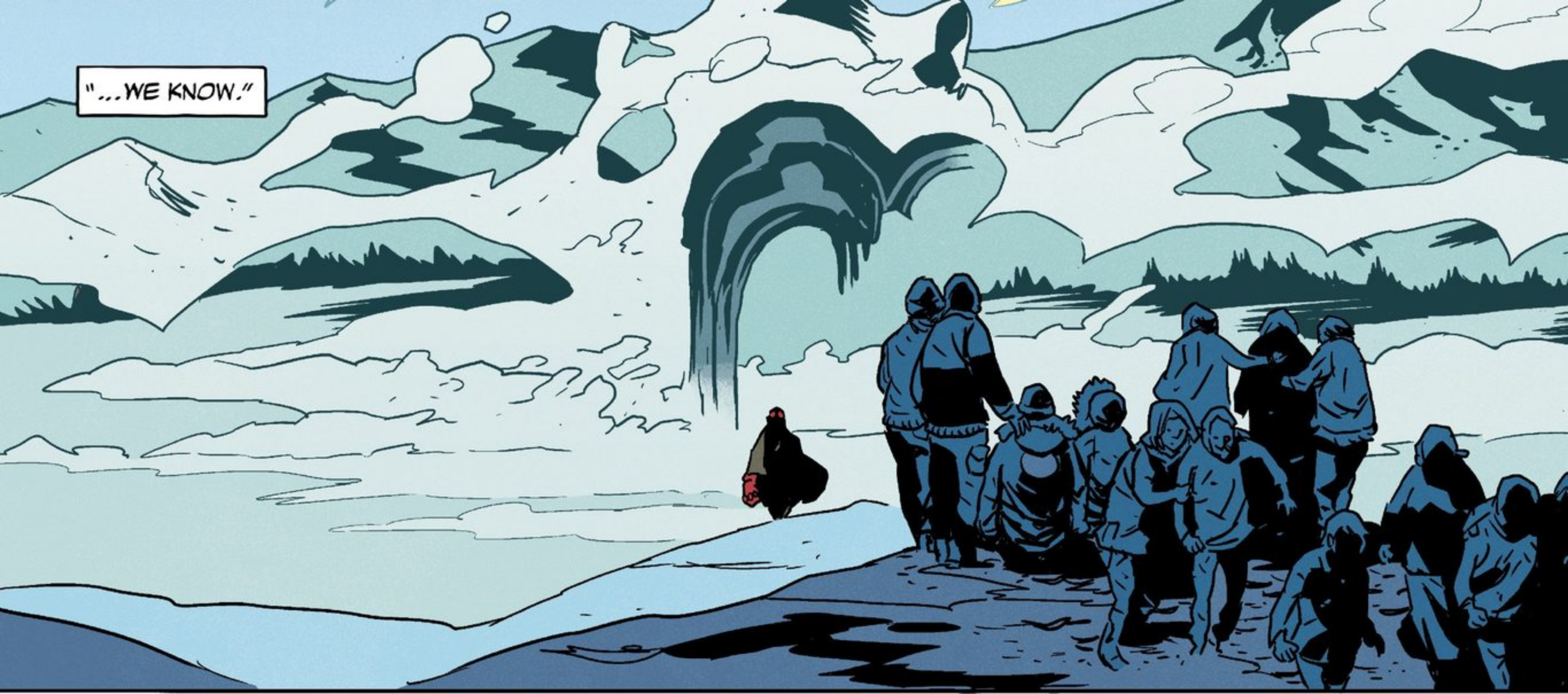








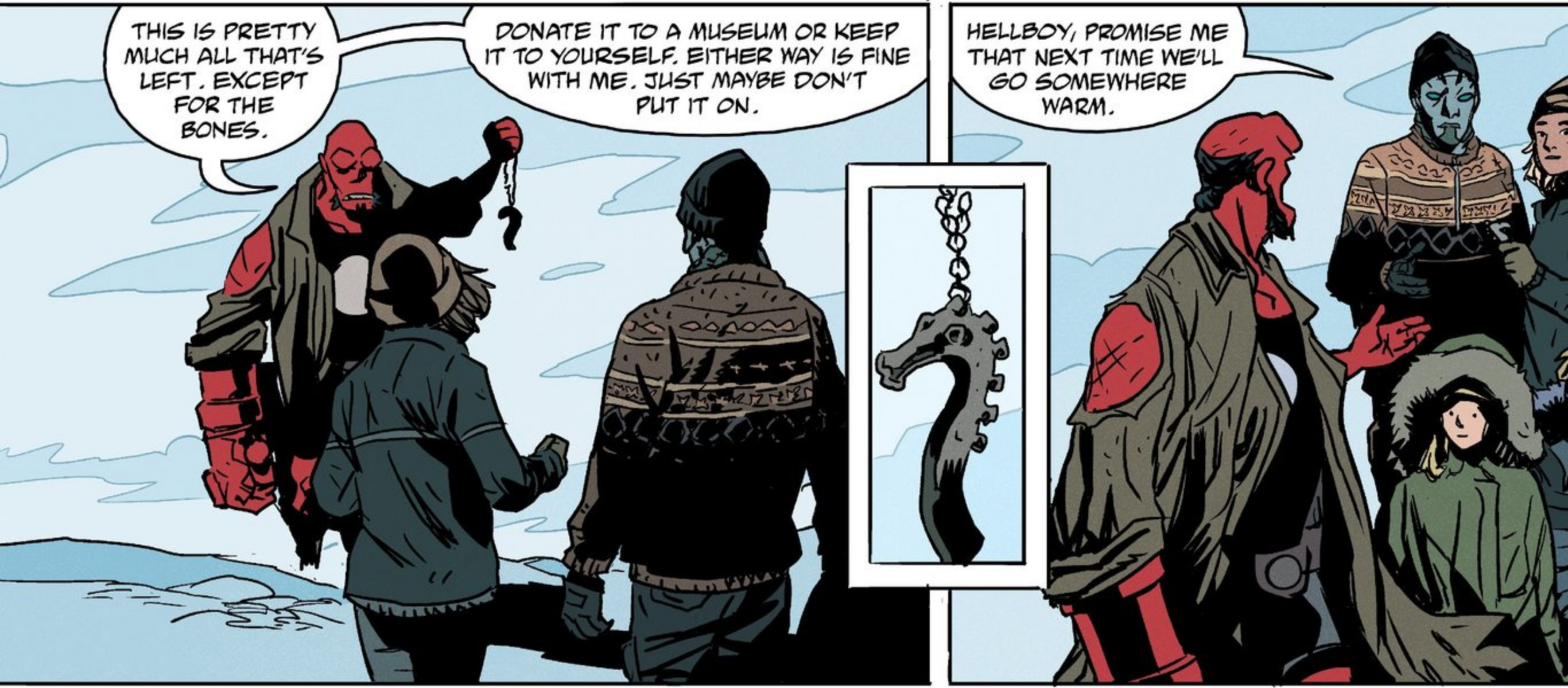
"...WE KNOW."



THIS IS PRETTY MUCH ALL THAT'S LEFT. EXCEPT FOR THE BONES.

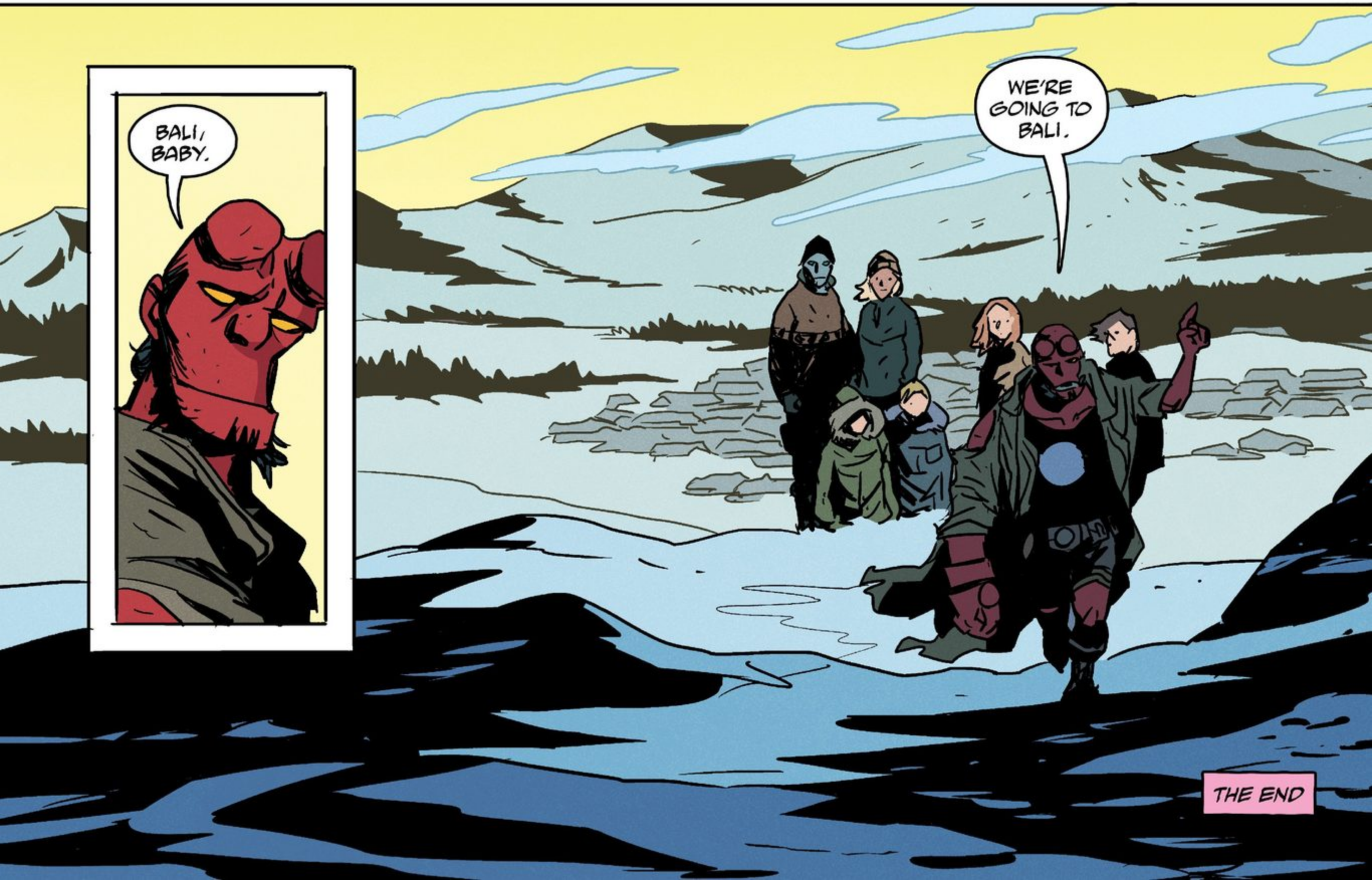
DONATE IT TO A MUSEUM OR KEEP IT TO YOURSELF. EITHER WAY IS FINE WITH ME. JUST MAYBE DON'T PUT IT ON.

HELLBOY, PROMISE ME THAT NEXT TIME WE'LL GO SOMEWHERE WARM.



BALI, BABY.

WE'RE GOING TO BALI.



THE END



HELLBOY

SKETCHBOOK

BONES OF GIANTS

Notes by Matt Smith



C'MON

NO

HAW
WAS NEVER
REALLY
SERIOUS

HOODIE

HAT

HOODIE

HELLBOT,
STOCKHOLM
STEALTH
MODE

Facing: Hellboy in disguise. The script called for Hellboy and Abe to be in hats and coats at one point. This is one of those cases that reads perfectly well, but when you get down to it with getting a hat over Hellboy's stumps, it's tricky. In the end I felt like a hoodie under his jacket was the best solution.



Hellboy's hammer arm. I figured I was going to be drawing Hellboy's hammer-fused arm a lot in this book and had better figure out what that looks like from various angles.

ABE

ABE SAPIEN
BPRD COLD WEATHER
GEAR

BPRD

HAT UNDER HOOD
ZIPPED UP TO TOP
MOST TIMES -
DOES NOT LIKE COLD

NORDIC SWEATER

WINTER
HAT

PACKA

MESSANGER
BAG

ABE
SKI
HAT

ABE
STOCKHOLM
STEALTH
MODE

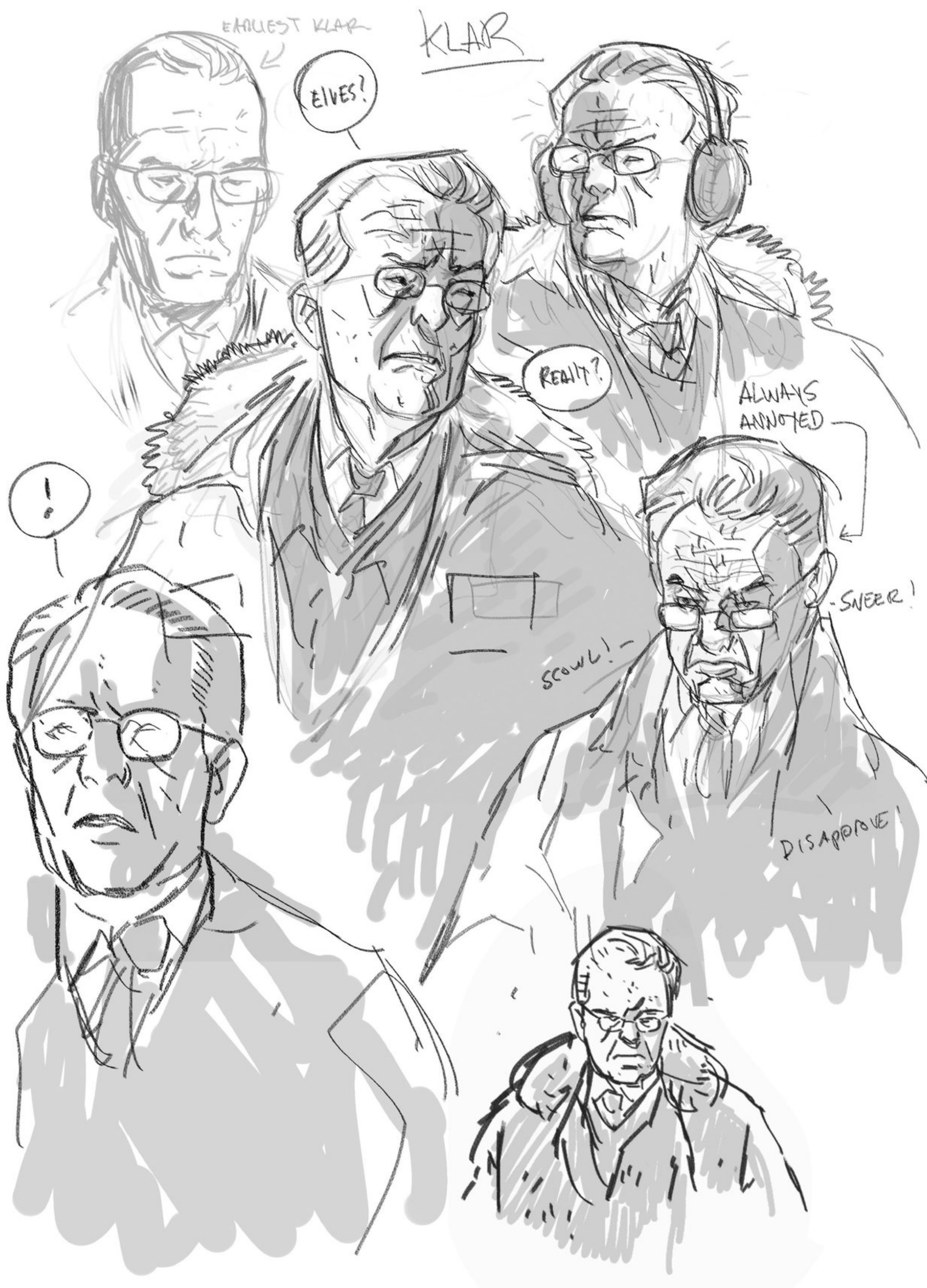
Abe in disguise. As I remember it, Abe suffering from the cold was made more of a point in the original novel. I kept that in mind for his look throughout this book. I think "nordic sweater" Abe was a favorite of Chris O'Halloran's.

We're seeing a more relatable, human reaction to some of the horrific and awesome (in the true sense of the word) events through Pernilla more than anyone else in the story, and so my aim was for a design that I could get a wide range of expression from and retain consistency with.





Ah, Professor Aronsson! I liked this character a good deal and was sorry things didn't go better for him. I'd love to spend some time poking around his office and seeing what cool books and objects he had.



Chris Golden wrote this guy as pretty unlikeable and my goal was to bring that across as best I could.

Nidavellim (dwarves). There were five of these guys. I varied them just a bit in design so that we would at least know the two brothers as distinct from the other three. Eitri was the one most closely based off of Mike's illustrations in the novel.



Facing: Svartalfr (elves). I just wanted these guys to look like the word “stab” ran through a loop in their skulls.

START ALFR



Mist did not have a lot of scenes, but for the ones we had I wanted her to match Thor in Old Norse grimness.



Facing: Frost giants. These were fun. Big skeletons for the most part, wrapped in furs and armor. In the final pages I made a not-very-accurate nod with two of them to Thorgrim and Rexor from the 1982 Conan movie.



FROST GIANTS



Caricature is not one of my strong points, but I was Hel-bent on putting Walt and Louise Simonson in with the Asgardians. If any Asgardians walk among us today, it's those two!



For Thor, I looked at Mike's images of him from the novel and also kept in mind Chris Golden's edict that we cleave close to the Norse source material for him. That meant red hair and a furiously grim demeanor. Also, helicopter pilots need cool hats.





Facing: Pernilla's volvo. Pernilla would have a Volvo 245 D1, wouldn't she? Of course she would. They are nearly as hard to destroy as frost giants. I had one and I miss it dearly.

HB IN BACK
PERNILLA'S VOLVO 245 DL
SWEET



SECOND DESIGN
SPIKED
CROWN-LIKE
TOP

UTGARD DESIGNS



Utgard was an interesting design challenge, as it was meant to be resting on top of an existing mountain village and not entirely restored to its full formidability but becoming moreso as the frost giants themselves.



IT'S A
WARM-UP
SKETCH,
ABE

GO TO
HELL



When a startling discovery is made in Sweden, the B.P.R.D. sends Hellboy and Abe Sapien to investigate. What ensues is a wild adventure full of Norse legends, mythical creatures, and a threat that could bring not just Earth but the Nine Realms of Norse mythology to their knees.

Based on the illustrated novel by Mike Mignola and Christopher Golden, this hardcover collection brings readers into Hellboy's fight against the Frost Giants with stunning art by Matt Smith (*Hellboy and the B.P.R.D.: Long Night at Goloski Station*, *Barbarian Lord*, *Folklords*) and colors by Chris O'Halloran (*Folklords*, *Black Panther*, *Ice Cream Man*).



“Mignola and Golden are a truly unbeatable writing team at any time but with a story they’ve already penned this one remains solid.”

— COMICBOOK.COM

“Smith delivers some beautiful art throughout....The style is perfect for the character and the panels do a brilliant job of delivering on the scope of the story itself.”

— SUPER POWERED FANCAST



SON OF ULTRON

"THIS FAN...
THIS MONSTER!"

